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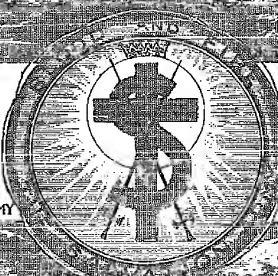
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CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

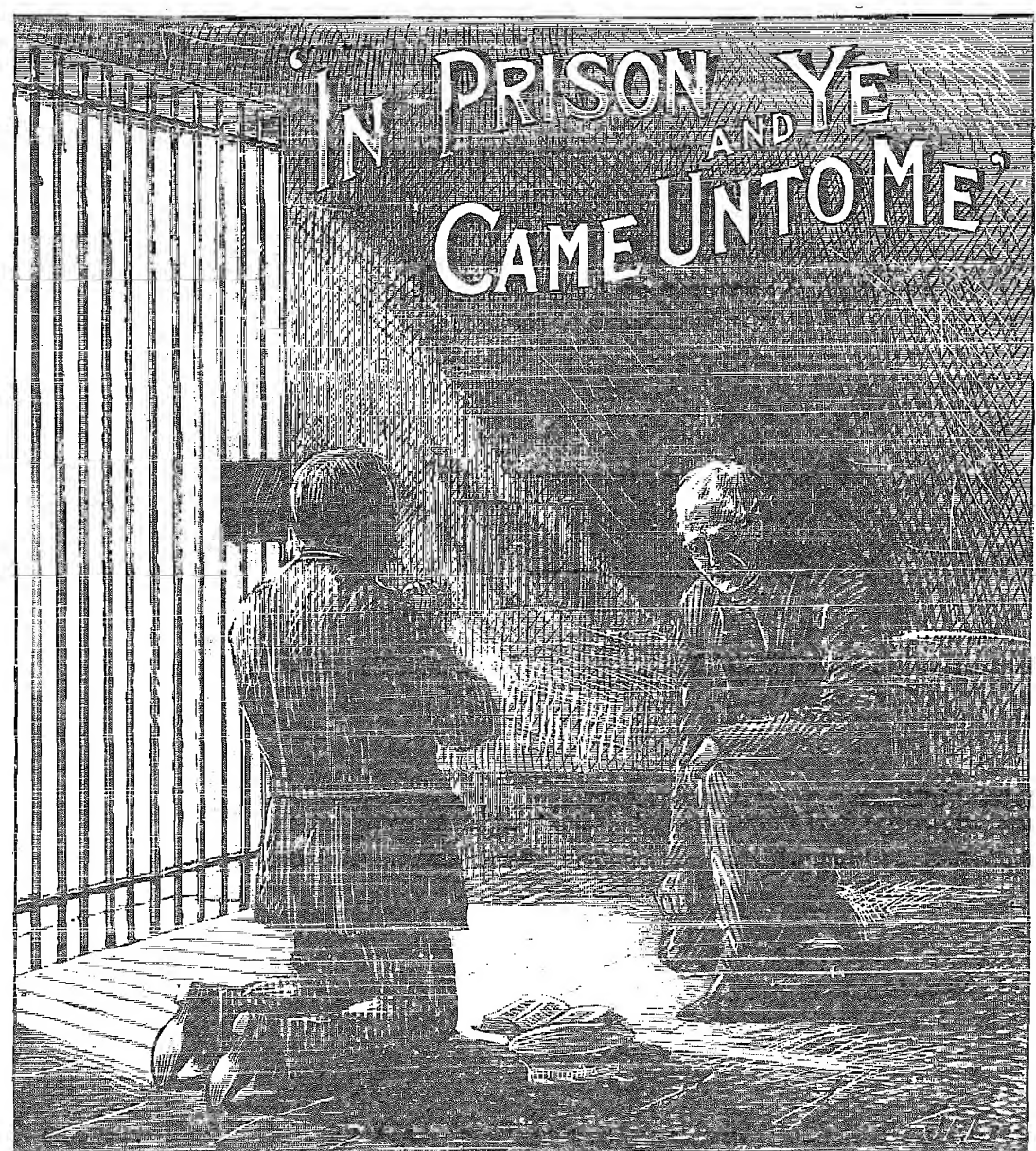
16th Year. No. 40

WILLIAM BOOTH, General.

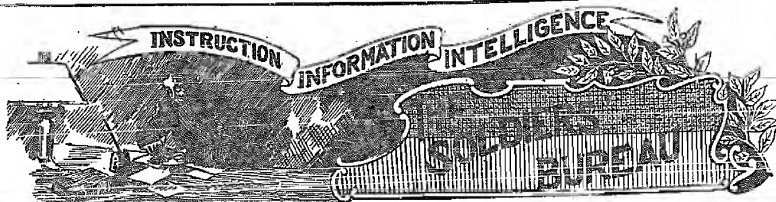
TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



(See article on page 8.)



Terse Topics.

FALSE ECONOMY.

Monomy is an excellent thing, but like all good things, can be abused. Frugality in Divine things is unnecessary and wrong. There is no limit to the stores of Heavenly Grace, and, therefore, the child of God, to come short of his full inheritance of the possessions of salvation, has no excuse. There is no denying the fact that the poverty of such an one is their own fault and chargeable either to their own laziness or neglect. Here is the difference between the Divine life and the earthly. In the latter saving of expense means more to spend, in the former the practice of the same principle means a shrinking of the riches possessed by the one, and a growing incapacity to acquire more; for unto him that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he (seemeth) to have. Too many followers of the Cross are not only lamentably frugal in their getting, but miserably stingy in their giving. No wonder their experience is weak—it wants the exercise of expression; no wonder their faith is feeble—they never believe for the impossible things which with God are put within our reach; no wonder their love is low and cold—is never extended beyond the small, cold circle of their own interests and friends.

The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—CHOSEN TO BE FRUITFUL.

"Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you . . . that ye should go and bring forth fruit."—John xv. 16.

I hold my appointment direct from Christ, so that if I grow weary of the work, I must not send my resignation in to the desk, but up to the Throne. And if Christ be my Master, then I need not complain if my fellow-servants pay me no compliments. I do not stand by their judgment, nor shall I be acquitted on their standard. My success depends upon my union with Christ. The permanence of my work depends on my spiritual condition. Christ can work best with those who love Him best.

MONDAY.—PERSECUTION FULFILLS THE PROMISE.

"These things have I spoken unto you, that ye should not be offended."—John xvi. 1.

When self-sacrifice heretofore persecution we are apt to think ourselves singularly ill-used: this is the secret of many a wasted life. People do not appreciate us, and we become sour and cynical. But if it were otherwise, then is the Scripture not true. Christ never promised fair winds and calm seas, but storms and dangers. Yet when these come we cry out as if He had broken His promise. Strange that we so seldom see Him in the sunshine, and yet He is so plainly visible in the storm.

TUESDAY.—HOLD UP THE FLAG.

"Moses, my servant, is dead. Now, therefore, arise, go over this Jordan."—Joshua i. 2.

The servant of God needs courage. He is called to stand in a large place; his enemies are many and great, his difficulties are enormous. The death of the leader did not imply the desertion of his principles. These last were eternal. They were like the banner that passes from hand to hand, and is always in the battle-front, no matter how many standard-bearers fall. When Moses fell, then Joshua was ready, and when Joshua laid down his sword younger men were putting on their armor.

WEDNESDAY.—MARY AND HER MASTER.

"The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre."—John xx. 1.

When my love for Jesus makes me restless, I shall be sure to find Him. My restlessness when I am "far off" from Him is a sure sign that He is seeking me. Let me not wait for light, let me go forth in the dark. Mary lingered weeping, "and as she wept she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre and seeth two angels." Not till her eyes were wet with tears did Mary see the angels. Sorrow sharpens the vision, grief discovers the secret doors into heaven.

THURSDAY.—THREE GREAT MEN.

"Joshua . . . the servant of the Lord, died. . . . And the bones of Joseph buried they in Shechem. . . . And Eleazar . . . died."—Joshua xxiv. 29, 32, 33.

Three great men—a great soldier, a great statesman, and a great minister. The same high qualities were needed for each—strong faith, prompt obedience, and self-sacrifice; and all these men suffered at the hands of their brethren. Joshua was nearly stoned to death by his tribesmen; Joseph was sold into slavery; and Eleazar was thrust aside by his ambitious brethren who sought to usurp the priesthood.

FRIDAY.—LOVED OF MY LIFE.

"Then Jesus said unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They answered Him, No."—John xxi. 5.

There is no pledge of prosperity like the presence of Jesus. The vessel, when He was out of her, was raved in vain. The long night hours dragged wearily until Jesus was willingly received into the ship. Thus the great lesson for Peter and the rest was that the Lord's servants have no concern with any business upon which they have not asked their Master's blessing. I am not to follow Jesus in spiritual matters and trust to my own wisdom in things secular.

SAURDAY.—AN UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.

"There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts iv. 12.

When the enemy cannot deny the miracle he disputes the power. It is hard to persuade a person delivered from sin that he is still in bondage; it is easier to allege that he has achieved deliverance by other hands than God's. The doubt will sometime serve when the denial fails. Peter had but one answer to the enquiries of the priests. The power which wrought the miracle was the power which they had denied. It was Peter's experience, however, to be the first to confess and the first to witness the power of the Messiah.

An Out-of-the-Way Soldier

Of all the extraordinary lives of men who have found their way to the Men's Social work of the Salvation Army, it is a question whether a more interesting career could be found than that of the comrade heretofore sketched. As he wishes to be left severely alone by the church he had left over ten years ago, neither his name nor address can be given here, as he has been subjected to persecution in the past, and owing to the rigorous experience he has gone through, he is in a frail state of health.

This extraordinary young man is a native of Switzerland, and belonged to an old Roman Catholic family. From

his childhood he was carefully instructed in religious matters by a pious mother. At sixteen years of age he entered a monastery and became a monk of the Capuchin Order, which is a branch of the Franciscan. The discipline of the Capuchin Order of monks is very severe. Vows of obedience, chastity, and self-denial must be taken, and each member must die his own grave, and sleep on a stone pillow in his own coffin.

Our comrade was a brother of this Order for fourteen years. He dug his grave, slept in his coffin with his head resting on

A Stone Pillow.

and covered only by the brown garment he wore through the day. He felt the cold very much through the winter, but no extra clothes were allowed. In summer he went about barefooted; in winter rough leather boots were provided. The food in the monastery was the plainest, and just enough to sustain life. If a monk got his clothes wet during the wet weather, he was not allowed to dry them by a fire, and our comrade has often gone to his coffin-bush in wet clothes, and dried them by the warmth of his body. It is not much wonder that he has today a frail body and a weak chest. He has been on several pilgrimages, and has twice tramped to the Vatican at Rome and back, begging his bread all the way, for he was not allowed to carry a purse.

When the Salvation Army opened first in Switzerland, this brother heard wonderful stories of what it was doing, and the Army's work was a matter of talk and discussion in the monastery. The accounts of the wonderful meetings of the Army Mother and the Marcelline thrilled this brother in such a powerful manner that he was determined to

See the Army.

some day, though he never dreamed that he should ever belong to it.

After being a monk for nearly fourteen years, he was pressed to enter the priesthood, and give up everything to the Church of Rome. After some hesitation he turned over twenty-seven thousand dollars to the church—money that he had to come. He became a priest, and shortly after being ordained, scepticism crept into his life, and, determining to be a free man, he left the church.

This was over ten years ago. He left Switzerland, went to America, and assisted a relative to run a business. It was in Chicago where he saw the Army ten years ago, and it was there where he was saved. He has been a Salvationist ever since. His life as a monk certainly was one of deep religious sincerity, and his life as a Salvationist has been even more so. He is splendidly educated, and can speak French, German, and English fluently. He is also a good Latin scholar. As a cook in one of our London Shelters he is quite happy. He would like to get something to do in the South of France on account of his health, as this climate is too damp and cold for him. He is a nice, quiet and sincere fellow, and is still young-looking. He has a very interesting spiritual experience.

Don't Grumble.

Don't complain

About the weather.
For easier 'tis, you'll find,
To make your mind to weather,
Than weather to your mind.

Don't complain

About your neighbour.
For in your neighbour's view
His neighbour is no faultless—
That neighbour being you.

The longer we live and the more we think the higher value we learn to put on the friendship and tenderness of parents and of friends.

What a Soldier Should Know.

Systematic Giving.

In order that they may do this with pleasure to themselves, they are recommended to settle in their minds what proportion of their income they ought to give, and to lay that portion aside for this purpose.

It is quite true that all they possess belongs to Jesus, and that every true consecrated soldier has put all he has upon the altar; but still, he will, of course, have to use a certain amount of his earnings for the maintenance, education, and care of his family, which is a part of the Lord's Kingdom. This he must do conscientiously; but he should also devote some portion of his income towards gathering in the outcasts of mankind into the Kingdom, and he should determine in his own mind how much money he ought to set apart for this purpose.

Impulse to the Beautiful.

No soldier must think that such an arrangement will be useless in his case because he has so very little to give. We believe that those who do resolve to support the war in the systematic manner, and who conscientiously stick to it, will have the ability to do so, but will be less so to prosper temporarily as to that ability greatly increased.

Willing to Get as Well as Give.

Soldiers should be always willing to collect for any particular purpose for which there may be a need. To be for the war for the dear Lord's sake is no humiliation to any man, whereas his station in life may be. Our Saviour, when He was on earth, lived on the charity of His friends and disciples. He was always begging men to give His hearts to God and their services to His cause, and, therefore, none of us need be ashamed of having to beg money to sustain the war, the object of which is to glorify Jesus, and save the souls of men.

A Good Collector.

As in everything else, so in the matter of giving. It is the duty of a soldier to labor to improve himself to the utmost. Giving, where provided, becomes a regular habit, and if encouraged, will grow until the giver will be astonished first at the smallness of the gift that once satisfied him, and secondly at the amount he is able to contribute as he that his whole heart is in the service.

Cartridges.

It is a rule that each soldier and recruit shall have thirteen envelopes of cartridges given to him at the commencement of each quarter, and be expected to put into each one week his contribution towards the funds of the corps, which he will hand in at the soldiers' meeting each week, or other wise, as directed by the C. O.

Always Fire Cartridges.

Should the soldier be unable at any time to contribute anything in his cartridge-envelope, he should, nevertheless, put the blank envelope in the box, or hand it in in some other way at the time appointed for so doing, in order that there may be a record in the books of the fact that he was present at the meeting; and no soldier should allow a feeling of bashfulness to prevent his doing this.

And Support Collections.

It is the special duty of the Secretary of the Corps to look after all matters connected with cartridges. In addition to the weekly contributions through the cartridges, soldiers are expected to show a good example, where possible, by giving at all the collections during the week.

Recognition of Means.

At the same time the Army expects to do good to all, even to those who give nothing, and every soldier should take care to prevent anyone from thinking they are not welcome from their ranks because they cannot contribute anything. Especially is this so with converts, or soldiers who are out of work, or have had sickness at home. Care should be taken to find out any such, to get them to the meetings, and to make them feel they are loved as much as if they gave twenty-five cents every time.

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Increase to Get as Well as Give.

No soldier must think that such an arrangement will be needless in his case because he has so very little to give. We believe that those who do resolve to support the war in the systematic manner, and who conscientiously stick to it, will never lose the ability to do so, but will be able so to prosper temporarily as to have that ability greatly increased.

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To Set You Thinking.

Youth is a state of preparation for manhood.

A loving heart is better and stronger than wisdom.

In the meaning, not the cost, of a gift lies its value.

We cannot honestly and safely receive the praise of men unless we deserve their love.

The seeds of our punishment are sown at the same time we commit sin.—Hesiod.

Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours.

If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a heaven this world would be.

Good luck is the willing handmaid of upright, energetic character, and conscientious observance of duty.

Good counsels observed are chains of grace, which, neglected, prove halters to strange, unadulterated children.

When Jesus wished to "find" Philip, He went to Galilee, where Philip lived. We can only "find" men by going to the places in which they live.

Affection is an awkward and forced imitation of what should be genuine and easy, wanting the beauty that accompanies what is natural.

Native and original truth is not so easily wrought out of the mine, as we, who have it delivered ready dug and fashioned into our hands, are apt to imagine.

The difference between honor and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does from duty that which the man of honor does for the sake of character.

The Bible has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter; it is all pure, all sincere; nothing too much, nothing wanting.

We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything, but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything, and leads us towards perfection.

Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it efforts nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed.

God's grandest temple on this globe is the human soul; it was His first temple in paradise, and it will be His last temple on earth—and to see it in ruins might well prevail to make the angels weep.

Every moment you now lose, says Chamberfield, is so much character and advantage lost, as, on the other hand, every moment you now employ usefully is so much time wisely laid out, at prodigious interest.

Let not anyone say he cannot govern his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying into action; for what he can do before a prince or a great man, he can do alone, or in presence of God, if he will.

There is not a man in the world but desires to be, or to be thought to be, a wise man; and yet, if he considered how little he contributes himself thereto, he might wonder to find himself in any tolerable degree of understanding.

That which the easiest becomes a habit in us is the will. Learn, then, to will once, to will strongly and do

Wrong Doing.

No one is more injured by wrong-doing than the wrong-doer. It is not in the power of a thief to impoverish anyone so much as he impoverishes himself by his thieving. The man who uses vulgar or profane language offends polite and reverent ears, and pollutes the social atmosphere, but he is himself the worst sufferer. Jesus said: "Not that which entereth into the mouth defileth the man, but that which proceedeth out of the mouth, this defileth the man."

Practical Christianity.

Some would have us think that fewer eyes are looking upward in reverent gratitude than in other days. But, however this may be, I feel sure that more eyes are looking around in loving desire to help the needy than at any previous epoch. And the happiest thought of all is that these eyes are young, observant, and unweary. To endeavor along Christian lines to increase the sum of human happiness seems to me to be not only the greatest, but the most evangelical thing in the world. To begin to do is an end of controversy. The severed body of Christ comes back to unity the moment it ceases to preach and begins to practice.—Frances E. Willard.

Attacks that Never Cease.

Unending conflict is one of the few things we can be sure of. Conquer as we may, work as we may, Satan is indefatigable. He sees to it that no man, woman, or child, is left free from his attacks. And the higher we climb, with God's help, the more surely must we count upon these attentions from the powers of darkness. After Christ

had successfully met the onslaughts of the Evil One in the wilderness, Satan departed from Him for a season. Even the Son of God was not exempt from renewed attacks. But, thanks be to Him, we may confidently count upon all the strength that is needed to continue the fight to a victorious end.

Thoughts About Prayer.

Prayer is the most secret intercourse of the soul with God, and, as it were, the conversation of one heart with another.

Prayer is the language of dependence; he who prays not is endeavoring to live independently of God; this was the first curse, and continues to be the great curse of mankind.

Prayer requires more of the heart than of the tongue. The eloquence of prayer consists in the fervency of desire and the simplicity of faith. The abundance of fine thoughts, studied and vehement motions, and the order and politeness of the expressions, are things which compose a mere human harangue, not a humble and Christian prayer. Our trust and confidence should proceed from that which God is able to do in us, and not from what we say to Him.

A fluency in prayer is not essential to praying. A man may pray most powerfully, in the estimation of God, who is unable to utter a word. The unutterable groan is big with meaning, and God understands it, because it contains the language of His own Spirit. Some desires are too mighty to be expressed; there is no language expressive enough to give them proper form and distinct vocal sound; such desires show that they come from God; and as they come from Him, so they express what God is disposed to do, and what He has purposed to do.

A VISIT TO THE CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.

Being a Brief Write-up of a War Cry Representative's Tour, and a Word or Two About the S. A. Prison Operations.

A Hasty Summons.

"I would like you to go with Staff-Capt. Archibald to the Central Prison at 2 o'clock, and give the War Cry a write-up of your visit," said the Editor on a recent Wednesday afternoon. Seeing it was then half-past one, our readers will perceive that it left us little time to study the all-important question of Prison Reform, or dive into the Government Blue Books so as to stock our mental shelves with numerous data and information, or to furnish ourselves with a few perplexing questions with which to harass any officials we might meet in our tour through the prison.

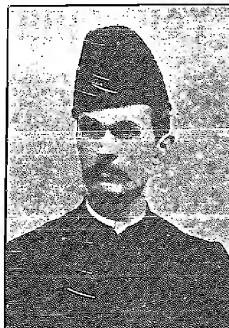
On second consideration we rather incline to the opinion that it was just as well that our time was limited, for thereby the scenes we witnessed were photographed upon our unbiased and untrammelled mind, and we are now able to put on paper just what would probably be the impression received by all who are favored with an opportunity of being conducted through what we have been told is the finest system of prison government on the continent.

It was a lovely day, as, thankful we were going to prison by street car, and not in the "Black Maria," Staff-Capt. Archibald and "us" made our way west on King St. as far as Strachan Ave.

with Warden Gilmour or any of his staff. They cater for the men's spiritual welfare in a generous and sincere manner. Meetings are held under the auspices of the Ministerial Association on Monday and Saturday nights, while on Sunday afternoon the men are led into the capacious chapel and earnest workers plead the cause of Christ. Meetings have been held, however, every night for the last three weeks.

The Army's Share.

It is, however, only during the last year or so that the Army has been at work among the men. A little while ago a great spiritual campaign was in progress, and we were invited to take part in continuing the services. Since then we have organized a systematic visitation of the Prison, and to prosecute the work more thoroughly, the Commissioner has appointed Staff-Capt. Archibald to carry on our operations, under the Territorial Secretary's direction. He speaks very highly of the kind treatment he has received from Dr. Gilmour, the Warden, Mr. Logan, the



SERGEANT LYONS,
Central Prison, Toronto.

are entered beneath the man's mune. As if this were not sufficient, a photograph is taken of the man's head and shoulders, front and side views, and the Sergeant showed us a bound volume of something like 1250 faces, if our memory serves us correctly, each bearing the name of the prisoner, and also his "aliases." The Sergeant is a busy man, for in addition to all the above demands upon his time, he has to superintend the clothing of all the inmates, and the thousand and one matters that keep cropping up. The Sergeant's assistant is a prisoner, who is now thoroughly converted. Staff-Capt. Archibald has interested himself in his case, for it is a sad one, and when he comes out in August he comes never to return, we trust.

The Workshop.

Then comes our journey through the main buildings, each devoted to different trades. The first is the boot and shoe factory, where the boots are made. Then comes the mill, where the prisoners are employed in making flour. The prisoners are also employed in the carpenter shop, where they make furniture. The prisoners are also employed in the blacksmith shop, where they make tools. The prisoners are also employed in the laundry, where they wash clothes. The prisoners are also employed in the kitchen, where they cook food. The prisoners are also employed in the infirmary, where they receive medical treatment. The prisoners are also employed in the library, where they read books. The prisoners are also employed in the gymnasium, where they exercise. The prisoners are also employed in the chapel, where they attend services. The prisoners are also employed in the school, where they learn to read and write. The prisoners are also employed in the workshop, where they make goods. The prisoners are also employed in the laundry, where they wash clothes. The prisoners are also employed in the kitchen, where they cook food. The prisoners are also employed in the infirmary, where they receive medical treatment. The prisoners are also employed in the library, where they read books. The prisoners are also employed in the gymnasium, where they exercise. The prisoners are also employed in the chapel, where they attend services. The prisoners are also employed in the school, where they learn to read and write. The prisoners are also employed in the workshop, where they make goods.

Prison give the men great credit for their sincerity, and are rewarded apart from just a few dollars. The work is a genuine one. Out of 100 who professed conversion in the revival last year, only one has been sent back to the prison for the term!

The Prison "Service Corps."

Then followed the Bakery, where most approved appliances are used. The bread looked clean and wholesome. The Sergeant showed us a "chunk" of it that would satisfy a hunger at suppers, washed down with a pint of tea.

The men stop work at 6, and their way to the cells. On a large table is laid out the bread and tea. Each man takes his share and enters his cell. At a given signal the cell and eat their supper. Except when there is a meeting in chapel, the men are all locked in their cells immediately after supper, and barred windows as 349 men are with their thoughts.

The Lonely Cell.

The cells are, of course, quite small. An iron bed is placed against the wall during the day, and let down at night. On a shelf above the bed are placed the blankets, neatly folded. Another little shelf contains a Bible, perhaps another book or two. The cell is locked separately by the warden, but "to make assurance doubly sure" a simple turn of a big lever at the end of the rows of cells adds a barrier to be confronted by any would-be hold enough to attempt escape. The cells are heated by water by a system of hot pipes, and cooled in summer by fans. The comfort of the men is to be well assured, as far as possible with prison discipline.

We must not forget the library, by a prisoner, who also does much of the writing for the men. Some hundreds of books are ranged along the walls. We did not see "Mills, on the other hand, as the book which Winton was studying when he escaped to Pretoria! Most of the volumes are of a religious nature.

In Conclusion.

Here our tour of inspection came to a close, and after thanking the Sergeant for his assiduous attention to our demands for information, we heard the clang of the Prison door behind us and breathed once more the air of freedom, greatly rejoicing we were not in the hands of those who had taken the desire for vengeance out of our hearts.

We cannot close this article without giving the judgment of an official of the Central Prison, of four years' standing, who said in answer to our query as to whether crime was hereditary, "No, I think most of those who come to the prison are victims of some unfortunate condition." May the reign of righteousness commence in the hearts of those yet bound both by the law and the blood of the Lamb, which can only be attained by the utmost—G. A.

CHAPEL, CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.

1. The Machinery Room. 2. The

VIEWS IN THE CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.

Prison give the men great satisfaction. They are contented and are separated from just a few doubtful characters. The work is a going one. Of the total of 100 who professed conversion in the revival last year, only 20 have been sent back to the prison for another term.

The Prison "Soviet Corps."

Then followed the Bakery, where most approved appliances are used. The Sergeant showed us a "chunk" of it that would satisfy a hungry man at suppers, washed down with a pint of tea.

The men stop work at 6, and on their way to the cells. On a large table is laid out the bread and tea. Each man takes his share and makes his cell. At a given signal they all go to their cells. Except when there is a meeting in the chapel, the men are all locked in their cells immediately after supper. The shades of night creep through the barred windows as 240 men are left with their thoughts.

The Lonely Cell.

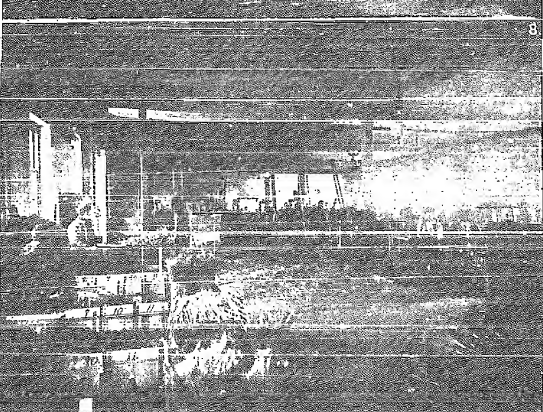
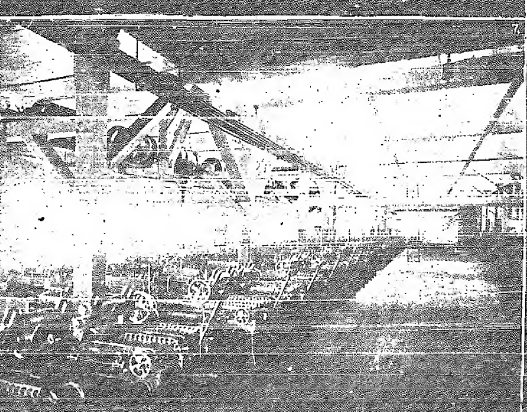
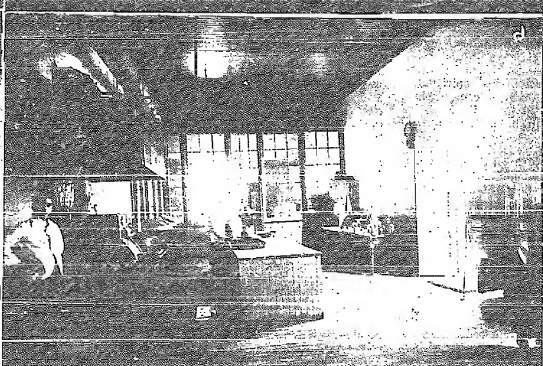
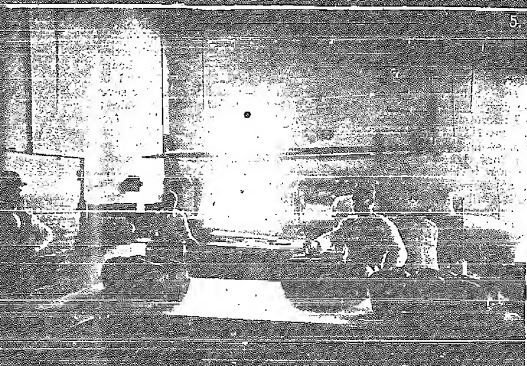
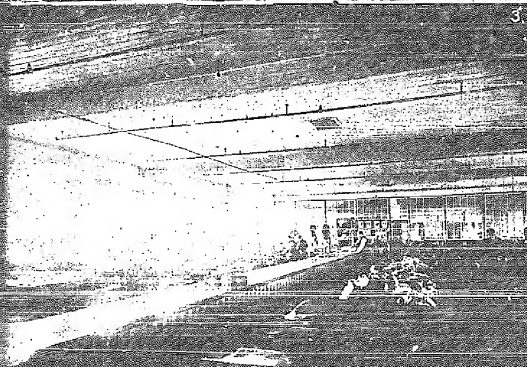
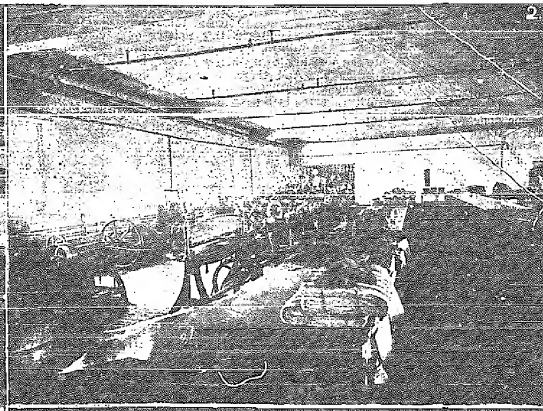
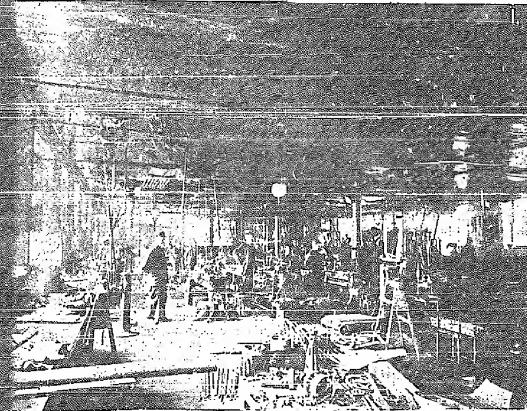
The cells are, of course, quite small. An iron bed is placed against the wall during the day, and let down at night. On a shelf above the bed is placed the blanket, neatly folded. Another little shelf contains a Bible, perhaps another book or two. Each cell is locked separately by the guard, but "to make assurance doubly sure" a simple turn of a big lever at the end of the rows of cells adds another barrier to be confronted by any would-be hold enough to attempt escape. The cells are heated in winter by a system of hot-water pipes, and cooled in summer by fans. The comfort of the men is to be well secured, as far as possible with prison discipline.

We must not forget the library, by a prisoner, who also does much writing for the men. Some kind of books are ranged along the shelves. We did not see "Mills" as last year, however, which one readers will remember as the book which Winston Churchill was studying when he escaped from Pretoria. Most of the volumes are of a religious nature.

In Conclusion.

Here our time of inspection came to a close, and after thanking the Sergeant for his assiduous attention to our demands for information, we heard the clang of the Prison door behind us and breathed once more the air of freedom, greatly rejoicing that we were not in the hands of justice, yet more thankful that our CIRCUMSTANCES, OVER WHICH WE HAD NO CONTROL, HAD MOVED FROM US THE TERROR, OR NECESSITY, OF SURRENDERING, OR ANY OTHER UNDESIRABLE OFFENCE! and also that we had taken the desire for vengeance out of our hearts.

We cannot close this article without giving the judgment of the official of the Central Prison, of four years' standing, who said in answer to our query as to whether crime was hereditary. "No, I think most of those who come to me as victims of some unfortunate condition." May the reign of righteousness commence in the hearts of our fellow men by the law and by the influence of the Blood of the Lamb, which can save to the uttermost.—G. A.



MEDITATIONS.

By ELIZABETH SWIFT-BREngle.

I.—Courage.

" Laden with guilt and full of fears,
I fly to Thee, my Lord;
And not a ray of hope appears.
But in Thy written Word.
The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
In almost every page.

" This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is Divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.
This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale."

" Only be thou strong, and very courageous "

HERE is a new note struck in the Bible song of "Courage! take heart!" which runs through all its pages. Moses had told Joshua before to be strong, and of good courage, although he knew at the time he delivered his message that Israel would backslide utterly, and that God, in turn, would forsake them. That meant the ultimate undoing of all Joshua's work on earth; but this made no difference with his orders, his duty. Joshua's business was to obey God—the results were altogether his Master's business.

That is why there need be no such thing as failure in salvation and salvation warfare; because success in religion is altogether a matter of the individual's relations with God. The man who obeys God to the letter, "going step by step" with Him, as Enoch did, doing "always" the things that please Him, as Jesus did, succeeds spiritually; the man who does not walk meekly in the Spirit, doing the will of God in as complete submission, faith, and love "as it is done in heaven," though he may shake the earth, and write thousands of names in the Book of Life, spiritually fails.

From all worldly points of view, the life of our Lord, after it had ended on the shameful cross, was the most complete failure ever known. And yet, without it, what spiritual success was ever possible for you and me? The fathomless depth of humiliation alone can measure the height of Jesus' love, and it is only as we look into its wounds, meeting with eyes spiritually opened and by the same eternal Spirit offer ourselves to God for a like human failure, that we can be a Divine success.

That was what Joshua did. No time wasted in comparing his littleness with Moses' greatness, his lack of education and breeding with the former leader's advantages, in lamenting his lack of such a lieutenant as Aaron was, nor even in speculating as to the means of doing God's will. He did not point out to the Lord that Jordan was flooding the whole country, and that, owing to their desert life, the people hadn't learned to swim, nor mastered the art of boat-building. He seems to have simply listened to his orders, and considered, either then or before, the ability of God to carry him through his undertaking, and made his announcements accordingly. "Within three days," he told the Israelites, "thou shalt pass over this Jordan." Like David after him, he "encouraged himself in the Lord," like Abraham before him, he accounted that "God was able."

There is no future with our Judge—only an eternal Now. Joshua had his chance of undying success in the fleeting moment; he took it by faith, and is written down for all ages to come, as a man who did not fail.

What was the secret of Joshua's success? Was it only in obedience?

That is all.

But God spoke to him directly: how can I hear Him, when He no longer speaks words audible to our everyday, witnessing ears?

Joshua has left us the key, and the door is more manifest to us than it was to him. "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for when thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success."

No more than that? Glory to God! Bibles are given away, if one cannot buy them, and the wayfaring man,

though a fool, can understand enough of his Bible for "good success" with God.

But he must come to accept the Bible standards, especially in this matter of success and failure, its ideas, its Spirit, instead of his own, his father's, his neighbor's. And there, I suspect, lies the difficulty with most of us.

All this reads easily, reads simply; but its tremendous meaning brings us straight to the cross—to the death of self! It is only a dead self which can ever come to be a Joshua, a Scriptural believer.

THE DRINK DEVIL.

The Following Address was Read by Dr. Jenner, Essex, Ont., at an Army Temperance Meeting.

Let us now study its effects on the individual for a few minutes. The man takes a few glasses and becomes intoxicated, or, literally, poisoned, for this is the meaning of the term. The first effect is to quieten the heart, producing a full, frequent, and rapid pulse! All the functions become more active for the time. The prevailing tendencies of the man are brought out—the irritable become querulous, the weak and silly become misanthropic and servile, the sad and melancholy are moved to tears. All these symptoms correspond to a mild degree of inflammation of the brain, and resemble incipient insanity.

As this stage of excitement subsides, depression follows.

A stage beyond this is marked by complete loss of voluntary control over thought. Delirium, hallucinations, double vision, tremor, etc., and yet a stage further by profound insensibility, in which the person usually dies.

In reference to the remote effects of alcohol, when we consider that the condition of intoxication is but a transient state of insanity, we might reasonably expect that this condition often reported would produce permanent mental derangement, and so it does.

It was often my unpleasant duty, when in charge of the lock-wards in the hospital, to receive all such men suffering from delirium tremens. Let me relate for you the sensations of one poor unfortunate while in this condition. He said, "For three days I experienced more agony than pen could describe, though it were guided by the hand of a Dante. Who can tell the horrors of that horrible malady, aggravated, as it is, by the ever-abiding consciousness that it is self-sought? Hideous faces appeared on the walls, and on the ceiling, and on the floor. Fool things crept along the bed-clothes, and glaring eyes peered into mine. I was at one time surrounded by millions of monstrous spiders, who crawled slowly, slowly over my limbs, whilst leaden drops of perspiration would start to my brow, and my limbs would shiver until the bed rattled again and again. Strange lights would dance before my eyes, and then, suddenly, the very blackness of darkness would envelop me by its dense gloom. All at once, whilst gazing at a frightful creation of my disordered brain, I seemed struck with sudden blindness. I knew a candle was burning in my room, but I could not see it, all was so pitchy dark. I lost the sense of feeling, too, for I endeavored to grasp my arm in one hand, but consciousness was gone. I put my hand to my side, my head, but felt nothing, and still I knew my limbs and frame were there."

And then the scene would change. I was falling swiftly as an arrow far down into some terrible abyss, and so like reality was it that as I fell I could see the rocky sides of the horrible shaft, where mocking, gibing, sneering, fiend-like forms were perched and I could feel the air rush past me, making my hair stream out by the force of the unwholesome blast. Then the paroxysm sometimes ceased for a few moments, and I would sink back on my pillow, drenched with perspiration, utterly exhausted, and feeling a dreadful uncertainty of the renewal of my torments.

This condition generally supervenes when the accustomed stimulus is withheld, showing the utter perversion of the mental faculties brought about by the poison.

The best authorities assign from 2 to 3 of all cases of insanity to the use of alcohol. This does not include idiots and imbeciles.

"When men become so given over to the influence of strong drink, they will disregard every impediment, sacrifice comfort and reputation, withstand the claims of affection, consign their families to misery and destitution, and deny themselves the common necessities of life to gratify their insane propensities. In the morning, morose and melancholy, disgusted with himself and dissatisfied with all around him, weak and tremulous, incapable of any exertion, either of body or mind, his first feeling is a desire for stimulants, with every fresh dose of which he recovers a certain degree of vigor, both of body and mind, till he feels comparatively comfortable. The craving soon returns, and he drinks to sleep, the suffering, evades the restless sleep, the excitement, and the state of insensibility. If not stopped, the patient continues this same course until he dies or becomes imbecile."

The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, as is so often seen in the mental debility of the children of drunkards. Such is the verdict of all lunatic asylums.

Plutarch says, "One drunkard begets another."

Aristotle remarks, "Drunkards women bring forth children like unto themselves."

Dr. Brown, of the lunatic asylum at Dumfries says, "The drunkard not only injures and endangers his own nervous system, but entails mental disease upon his family. His daughters are nervous and hysterical; his sons are weak, wayward, and eccentric, and sink into senility under the pressure of excitement."

Of 300 idiots reported by Dr. Home, 145 had drunken parents.

The liquor habit pre-disposes to disease and death. Chronic disease of the brain, liver, kidneys, stomach and skin, invariably result from habitual use of spirits.

Drunkards do not recover well from injuries or surgical operations, nor from any acute and protracted illness, especially pneumonia and typhoid fever; and they are more liable to contract these diseases when exposed to the influences which bring them about.

(To be continued.)

The Epistle of Peter Green, of Backwoods.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Now, don't you no a lot that we komman pekel kan not see later, or you wud not be abel to send aroun so menny pound of nollidge every weke as you du. It is in dat hope I rite dis; for my own edikashun, if wat litel I no kan go hi dat name, hav hin sudio neglected wou I was young, an forgotten wen I got older. Now, dere is a fu kwere thing I wud like to no, an if yer hav got de time, an no yerselv, will yer please tell me.

First, I wud like to no, if de polite gentleman, dat begs yer pardon if he happens to tuch you, never so much as ask you, "Du you like it?" wen he puffs tobaccoer smok into yer nostrills?

An if flowers, an feeders, an de animals demselves dat feeders grow on, an necessary to make ladies look better, don't you tink men nede a litel improvement in dat line to?

An I wud like to no to, if so menny of dese here folks, dat kille demselves inidles, always like to talk about God an religion, spebilly wen dey get about two horns of wiskey into dem, an wy dey beleve it is alrite to sware an all rong to pray?

An wy do so menny tink dat it wud be a good job all around, if dere ancher wud turn over a nu lefe an be converted, but demselves, "Oh, my, no!" Is naybars as a rule worse dan nader pepel?

Just a few more, please, an I am dun for dis time.

Now, we is so menny things need to pass away de time, an I hav never run across embody dat wanted to get old kwik, hav you?

I wonder, tu, wy you kan heer about 50 per cent more awerage any day in a saloon dan in a grocery store? Du you no if it is de difference in de goods dat makes it ensier to swear, kwarel, an fite in de saloons dan in de stores?

An wats de reason sam bartenders is always so kwik to tell others to "Go to work?"

Dere is wou more ting I kent figger out, an dat is about elksun days. Du you tink men nede more wiskey jest before dan after elksuns? An if dey don't, wy dn dey always take more jest

den? Now, if I new dis I wud be wiser dan I am now, an wy wud not los comyting by it I hope.

From yer ole fren,
Peter Green.

With Jesus from California to Cape Nome, Alaska.

I left Denmark, my native country, in '71, a light-hearted boy of twenty years of age. Unhappily by professed Christiana parents, I had a form of godliness, but denied its power. I promised, when leaving home, to be back in five years, but never returned. I first went to California, Humboldt County, where I worked on a ranch in the mountains for three years. Then I went to Denmark for my sister and brother. That sister, after she arrived in California, got converted, and prayed for fifteen years for my salvation. Thank God, her prayers are now answered. After leaving my work in the mountains, I went to Eureka, the county seat of Humboldt, and worked there in a single mill for eighteen months. While there I became acquainted with a girl from my native country, a girl much too good for me, but we married. I was at Eureka altogether three years, during which time I never went inside of a church. In my own estimation, I was as good as anybody, and a little better. After that my wife and I went out in the mountains and rented a ranch for three years. I lost fourteen hundred dollars on the transaction.

That Made My Heart Still Harder.

Then our first boy was born, and after a few months, God, in His mercy, called him home. That occasion was the first time that I really knew God called me. That set me to thinking about my soul's salvation. I had almost to be torn away from my dead boy's body.

I never was happy, as far as this world can give happiness, except when out on the mountains, on a wild horse or mule, or killing a bear or a California lion. I had my shoulder broken by being thrown by a wild mule. Another time I had my collar and shirt sleeve cut off at the wrist from a shot-gun bursting in my hands, when firing, and yet God spared my life.

I bought a stock-ranch in the mountains fifteen miles from any wagon road, and nearly forty from civilization. But my wife, formerly a very hearty woman, was losing her health, and became reduced to a skeleton. After seven years of suffering, she was unable to walk, or even to stand on her feet. After eleven years of ups and downs, mostly down, my wife was carried on a stretcher fifteen miles to a wagon-road, then on to Hyllesville, where a doctor came to see her professionally twenty-three times, but she was then beyond human help.

From that place we removed to Hyron Springs for a time, but it was of no benefit to my wife, so we returned to our home, and tried hard to make up for all the money spent in fighting sickness, but failed.

God called me again. One day in crossing a swollen river, I upset my mule, and the saddlehorn struck me on the breast down at the bottom of the river. The current carried me down stream a long ways, but two men who were with me succeeded in rescuing me, so God spared my life. Shortly after I nearly lost my life in the same river again, and on another occasion I broke my wrist. A horse rolled over me out on the mountains, and I heard God's warning again, but my heart was as a rock.

At last a hard winter came and killed all our live stock—sheep, cattle, and horses. My sheep were six miles up the river; all died, and the shepherd returned alone. I was taking care of my cattle, horses, and dogs at home, but in that fearful winter for ten weeks I could not move for rheumatism. My wrist bent out of shape in a few days. I could only crawl on my two knees and one elbow. My wife fainted three times one day. The little children cried, and said, "Mamma is dead," and I could not move, and no man could get near my place on account of the heavy snow. The nearest neighbor was five miles off. My heart was a rock no longer, it became steel, and

My Face Was Set Like Flint.

and I almost cursed my Maker. Took warning, sinners!

(To be continued.)

MAN'S SECOND CHANCE.

Addressed to Those Incarcerated Within Prison Walls.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

"He made it again"—Jer. xlviii. 1.

"Hope eternal is the guiding star
Forever hung upon the gates of Heaven,
That they who wander may behold afar,
A sign of home to wanderers given."

SOME of my associates in the League of Mercy have requested me to write an article especially addressed to those who languish behind prison bars, and suffer within the precincts of hospital walls. In the midst of a great rush, preparatory to a lengthy tour and absence from Headquarters, I am trying to pen a little message this week to the prisoners, next, it possible, to those who pass weary hours upon couches of pain.

My mind is drawn away this lovely June day from my surroundings—for the sun shines in all the brightness of its summer glory, and the birds are trilling a glad song in the forest and among the trees outside my window—and in imagination visits you, my brother, my sister, in the gloom and loneliness of your narrow cell. My heart throbs with an intense desire to pen some little word that shall be a blessing and means of uplift to you who watch for, and read eagerly, the white-winged messenger, the War Cry, week after week.

The first thought suggested is from a picture given us by Jeremiah, in the 15th chapter of his prophecies. He tells us that he went down to the potter's house, and there God taught him a lesson. The vessel in the potter's hand was marred. Instead of putting it away as a useless thing, the potter placed the clay once more upon the wheel, and moulded it into a vessel to please him.

It is typical of our God. "We are the clay, He is the Potter." In this symbol of the Father's patience and humanity, Oh, reader, if your heart is despairing, I would like to write that word "Hope" in letters of fire upon it, and bid you take courage, for there is yet a possibility of your making something of your life.

What is Hope?

I WOULD like to remind you of what hope can do. Hope is the opposite to despair. Despair sends to the river bank; hope ever points upwards. Diogenes, the Philosopher, says, "Hope is the last thing that dies in man." Yes, hope lingers around the dying bed, when the physician gravely and silently steals away from the chamber of death. Hope enables the mother to forget the weary back and aching temples as, night after night, she bends over the tiny one and tenderly caresses the loved darling; and if, in after years, her riot goes astray, hope keeps her from breaking her heart over the wandering of her wayward child.

Hope sits enthroned on the star of the wife's loving heart, as patiently, year after year, she endures the neglect of a dissipated husband. "I have not given up hope yet; my husband will leave the drink alone by-and-by," she says, as with blistering fingers she lifts her aching head from the garment she is sewing, or mops the beads of perspiration from her brow, as she leans a moment on the wash-board in the heated kitchen. "I must try and keep the wolf from the door until then." The gallows upon the bosom of the deep braves the fiercest storm which disturbs its mighty depths because of the hope of re-union in the home country no cloud can efface from his horizon. He hears hope's voice in the raging tempest, and sees its inspiration perched upon the white crest of each rolling wave. Hope lends courage to the soldier's arm on the battlefield; it makes him oblivious of its deadliest danger and presses him manfully forward to triumphant conquest.

It is hope of ultimate success which nerves the young man struggling to achieve his purpose and satisfy the ambitious of his heart. Hope strengthens him for every upward step on the rounds of life's ladder. Hope waves her sceptre over the dominions of death, she takes the darkness out of the "valley of the shadow," and cries, "O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?"

I would like to point you, my dear reader, to a Star of Hope which shines out in your dark sky, and which will shed its radiant beams along your future pathway, making bright its dark places.

"What is that hope?" you query. "He made it again." He took the unsightly, shapeless thing, and, under the magic of his skillful touch, it was re-made—a vessel of honor, a useful thing. There was one condition necessary to this—the clay was passive in the Potter's hand. He was able to carry out the design of His will in it.

God's Purpose.

GOD'S original plan, when He created him in His own image, was that man should be beautiful, strong, and happy. Man, through disobedience, became marred, and brought sin into a world of beauty. Christ came to be the propitiator for sin—came "not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." In this assurance there is hope for you. The Lord will make the poor, spoiled, marred human being "a new creature," but that all should live. The Divine Potter would waste nothing. Your only hope, then, is in Him. Put yourself in His hand. The Prodigal did this when he said, "Father, I have sinned." His life had been a failure, he retraced his steps and in his father's presence found forgiveness of life. You may say, "It is useless, I have broken my mother's heart, blighted my wife's life, violated my country's laws—the stigma of shame, of disgrace, shadows my name. I can never be what I once was—I can never forget my black career, my friends will never forgive me, the world will never trust me. It is useless now, perfectly useless." Perhaps you answer, "I have tried to get beyond my sinful past, but its memory always haunts me." Oh, say not so, my brother. True, you may have tried to retrace your steps, but you failed because it was in a human resolution you placed your confidence, and your will, weakened by past yieldings to sin, did not stand the test of temptation. But give up trying in your own strength now, and with your burden of transgression, come to the feet of Christ. He was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin, and in His great magnetic sympathy and love, with every temptation, make a way of escape. This is your only hope for earthly happiness or heavenly joy.

You Can Do It.

HAVE patience with yourself. You have been years drifting away. "Patience is Nature's motto." All great deeds have been wrought through patience. Expect something of yourself. There are noble, undeveloped traits in your character. Give them a chance to develop. In the gymnasium you tug, push, pull, strike, run, expand your chest, in order to develop your physical self. So you can develop your moral nature only by continual effort. The ancients used to say, "Man, know thyself." The nineteenth century motto is, "Man, help thyself." God will help you if you trust Him. Some of you have had Christian homes, and your childhood days are fragrant with sweet, tender memories. A loving mother's prayers follow you. Her tears have watered the midnight pillow, and her sorrow has entered into the heart of God. Others have not been so privileged. No parents' counsel was given you to warn you against life's quicksands. Unfortunate environment surrounded your earliest hours. You have had many disadvantages. I know it is hard for you to pull against the stream and with all the natural propensities to evil, there seems very little chance. But God has promised that whosoever—that means you—cometh unto Him He will not turn away, and that His grace will be sufficient. Lift up your head and try then.

"...only earns his freedom and excellence."

Who daily conquers them anew."

Let not past failures discourage you. Make up your mind to live a busy life. A great divine once said, "If you are idle, you are on the road to ruin, and there are few stopping-places upon it, it is rather a precipice than a road." And another writer tells us that

"Labor is life!
Keep the watch wound or the dark rust will come."

Let me assure you that "doing nothing is an apprenticeship to doing wrong." A useful life is a contented, pure life.

Others Have Done It

A FEW weeks ago I visited the Jerry McAnley Mission, on the Bowery, in New York City. As I watched the hundreds of men who had gathered in that bright, cheerful hall, my thoughts reverted to the founder of this blessed work.

Sent to prison at the age of nineteen, for a term of fifteen years, there was apparently a black outlook for Jerry. He was converted in the prison chapel, and was subsequently pardoned as a reward of good conduct. Sad to say, after he left prison, as there was no one to give him a helping hand and encouraging word, he drifted into the old ways. Some time afterwards, through bearing a gentleman who was visiting the slums of New York mention the name of Jesus, the old desire to be good was re-kindled in his heart, and he was restored to the right path. He had many struggles, but through persistent faith in God he conquered, and, out of gratitude to Him, started a small mission. His work prospered, and for 25 years, in that dark, sin-blighted locality, has been a shining light pointing many to Jerry McAnley's Redeemer—a monument of the grace that "saves from the uttermost to the uttermost."

A young man came into my office the other day. "Oh," he said, "it was but that little word 'hope' which caused me to feel that my life was worth living. I was in the Kingston Penitentiary serving a term of two years, and he had, in that Sunday afternoon service that word came as a light from heaven. I went to my cell and gave myself to God, and He has helped me ever since, opening my way to honest employment and giving me friends to care for me when I left the Penitentiary. It was that little word 'hope' that changed my life." I could cite the stories of hundreds who have been in the lowest depths of degradation, who, through taking God's promises as true, have proved His love in the transformation of their lives, and who today are honored and respected Christian citizens.

There are Eternal Issues.

WE must appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ—shall meet Him as a Saviour or a Judge. "Every eye shall see Him."

A friend of mine was visiting a large American city a short time ago. One hot, dusty afternoon, she was passing down one of its busy streets when a notice advertising Michael Munkacsy's famous picture, "Christ before Pilate," attracted her attention. Feeling very weary, she thought a view of this wonderful painting would rest and refresh, so she paid the small fee for admission and descended into the basement of a store, where the painting was on exhibition. The room was perfectly dark excepting the reflection of the bright foot-lights upon the marvelous work of art, showing it in all its realistic beauty. While she stood as if magnetized before it, she heard the voices of men giving utterance to coarse and vile expressions as they stumbled down the steps. They burst unceremoniously into the room—suddenly the oaths ceased, dying away upon their lips, and the men stood riveted to the spot, involuntarily removing their hats.

My friend is a Christian, her heart was stirred to its foundations by the love and tenderness inspired by the pictured presence of her Lord. How different the feelings of the men! Condemnation, awe, were depicted on their faces. They were condemned by their own consciences. How will they appear in His glorious Presence, if a portrayal of Him upon the canvas held them spell-bound with fear?

Let me urge upon you, my brother, my sister, in view of the great future which must be spent in bliss or darkness, in heavenly rapture or in the abyss of woe, for the sake of Christ, Who loves you, and for the possibilities which are even yet before you, to gather

up all the tangled threads of your life, bring all to Jesus in the spirit of the beautiful hymn—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou biddest me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

Lay all in child-like faith at His feet and accept Him as your Saviour. He will cleanse you, no matter how full of depravity and vice the past has been. Lay aside this paper, and in the isolation of your cell kneel by the bench or bed, yield yourself as clay to the Potter and He will take your poor, marred, spoiled life and re-form, re-make it, and you shall yet develop a noble, useful, happy manhood and womanhood.

THE PRISONERS' GRATITUDE.

The following letter was sent by the inmates of the Toronto Central Prison to Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read:

To Mrs. Read,—
We, the boys of the Central Prison, desire hereby to convey to you our appreciation of, and sympathy in, your kind endeavors and ever willingness to help us by coming amongst us at every opportunity. Your helpful talks with us have not been without result, and many hearts were blessed and led to look up by your message of hope to us. Your last visit, also, has resulted in great good, and our belief is strengthened that God can and will mould many of us over again, and make us new vessels for His service.

We feel a new inspiration and zeal to better serve our Master since hearing from our comrade and brother, whose message, through you, made many a heart leap for joy, and though he may be recorded as dead to the world, his spirit lives with Christ. We know you rejoice with us, as do the angels in heaven, over our brother's salvation.

We wish you to know and feel that we do esteem, and gratefully acknowledge, the spirit that leads you to come amongst us, and though many of us may never meet you here again, we will remember your kind and loving messages. Be assured that you will always be welcomed by a sympathetic and appreciative audience whenever we may be honored by a visit from you.

We all unite in prayers for God's blessing on your work and your happiness and joy in all things.

Signed on behalf of the "Boys" of the Central Prison.

G. J. D.



CAPTAIN GAMBLE, DAUPHIN, MAN.

Was I a Fool?

When I became a Salvation Army officer four of my companions said that I was a fool. There were probably others, but of these four:

One, since, bought a large property, quarreled with, and fought, one of the tenants, shot him dead, and is now awaiting his trial for murder.

Another has taken to drink, lost a good situation through it, and was recently arrested and charged with setting fire to his aunt's residence. He set off through want of evidence, but is a drunkard.

Another prospered for a time, bought a property of 1,600 acres, stood security for a friend, and has had to mortgage his property to the full.

Another died suddenly, leaving his family unprotected, for, and his friends wondering where he had gone to heaven or hell.

But I am well in body and soul, "on my happy way to heaven."—L.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Capt. R. J. Bennett, of Bay Roberts, to be ENSIGN.

Capt. E. Hiscock, Resting, to be ENSIGN.

Capt. J. Sparks, of St. John's, to be ENSIGN.

Lieut. Calvert, of Yorkville, to be Captain.

Lieut. Bell, Children's Shelter, to be Captain.

Lieut. Johnson, Toronto Rescue Home, to be Captain.

APPOINTMENTS—

ADJUT. McAMMOND, of Brantford, to Winnipeg Corps and Garrison.

ADJUT. BARR, of Winnipeg, to take command of the Klondike operations.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



PRINTED for Evangeline Booth, Commissionaire of the Red Cross Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the West Indies, and the Atlantic, by J. M. C. at the Standard Army Printing House, 11 Albert Street, Toronto.

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Miss Booth at Cobourg.

Town Hall packed last night at the opening of the Red Crusaders' Campaign. Cobourg delighted. Excellent attention as the Field Commissioner portrayed the evil influences of sin and the glorious possibility of its being pardoned and forgiven. We are believing for a record campaign. Watch further reports, Commissioner now marching on to Deseronto.

BRIGADIER PUGHIRE.

death of Prof. Wiggins, who is widely known throughout Ontario and the East. The Professor was a soldier of the Lippincott corps, and has recently contributed some new songs to the many popular ones he made in the early days of the Army, and which are sung to this day. A full report will be in next week's War Cry. We ask the prayers of our readers for the bereaved family.

VVV

Major Smeeton, who is a Notary Public for Ontario, has now also received his official appointment as a Commissioner of Affidavits for Newfoundland. We have now, therefore, a very efficient force in the head of our Financial and Property Department.

VVV

Our esteemed brother and comrade, Adj. Adams, is now the father of a girl-child. The Adjutant wears a powerful smile. His comrades offer hearty congratulations.

COMING!

IN NEXT WEEK'S WAR CRY OUR SPECIAL PRISON ARTICLES WILL BE CONTINUED. SEE THE INTERVIEW WITH OUR PRISON REPRESENTATIVE, AND A FORMER PRISONER; ALSO SOME ADDITIONAL VIEWS OF THE CENTRAL PRISON.

"IN PRISON AND YE VISITED ME."

(To our Frontispiece.)

For some time a very successful social and spiritual work has been carried on in the Central Prison, which deserves to be widely known, for the encouragement of our comrades and other Christian workers among the inmates of our penal institutions everywhere.

We begin in this week's edition a series of articles descriptive of this work, with a reported visit of Adjutant Attwell to the Central Prison, which will prove of interest and instruction.

Next week we will give an interview with Staff-Captain Archibald, who is now in charge of that part of our work, to be followed with an interview with a recently-pardoned prisoner, who was tenderly converted and has been the means of helping scores of others in their perplexities. His stories are thrilling, and he has many letters from former prisoners, who were converted in prison and are still standing.

Finally we have received a letter from one of the inmates, who sends this contribution purposely for publication in the War Cry. Altogether the Prison articles will probably be continued through four issues of the War Cry.

Saints are not made by poll-bling sinners.



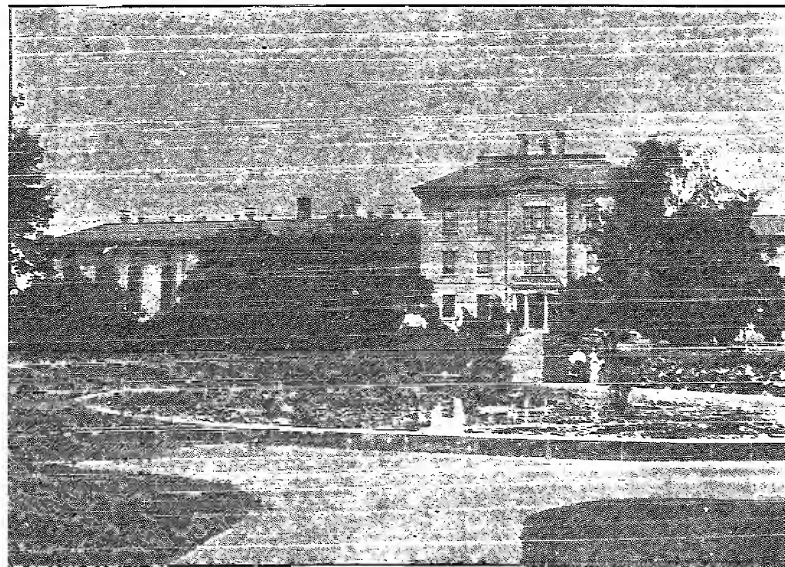
June 18th, 1906.

THE CHINESE CHAOS.

Every other topic of the day has sunk into insignificance compared with the Chinese situation. It appears that the gravest fears are entertained as to the safety of foreigners, especially the missionaries. The Boxers have destroyed the railway behind the international troops that marched to the protection of foreigners at Peking. It appears that the Empress sent a large force of troops outside the walls to oppose the entrance of foreign troops into the sacred city. Telegraph communication with Peking is interrupted, and no news can be received. A rumor states that the foreign legations have been burned, the German minister and several missionaries at Peking murdered, and that the mob is in possession, but that may be incorrect, as no official news to that effect has been received. A relief expedition was sent with provisions to the international troops, but had to return on account of the railways being destroyed. It is also asserted that the Chinese guns at Fort Taku opened fire on the foreign warships. The warships replied, and after some hours' bombardment, silenced and captured the forts.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Hostilities are continuing, but only of a minor character. Lord Methuen has scattered the Boers under General De Wet, which interrupted communications and destroyed the railway. The Boers got away with their guns and provisions. A large number of Boers all over the country have surrendered their arms and submitted. General Buller is advancing into Transvaal territory. Ladang's Nek railway tunnel was blown in at both ends by the retreating Boers, but is now clear. General Cronje's son has surrendered Klerksdorp. General Baden-Powell is advancing from the West, and has captured 250 prisoners. His latest advance places him at Pretoriusburg. General Buller is marching towards Heidelberg, which will cut off the Free State Boers completely from the Transvaal. The total casualties are 23,000, up to June 8th, besides 702 officers and 12,355 soldiers sent home sick.



FRONT VIEW OF CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.

Peace and War.

While the South African War appears to be drawing to a close, and an early peace is predicted by those who are in authority, the clouds of war seem to be thickening in the Orient. The Chinese situation gives rise to the greatest fears of a bloody and complicated struggle. Already numerous massacres of missionaries and native Christians have been committed, and it is officially reported that the foreign Legations are burned and one of the ministers ordered. In the affected location are 288 foreign missionaries stationed—175 Congregationalists, 90 Presbyterians, and 23 Methodists—who are the many of the infidelated mobs, is not altogether. Our God will give government, and knows how to make on the wrath of man subservient to its glory. We invite every reader to pray especially for the heroic missionaries the Gospel, and that wisdom and hence may guide the powers that may rule the destiny of China towards peaceful settlement.

Editorial Notes.

The Commissioner left Toronto in advance of the Red Crusaders to do a day's campaign at Cobourg. On Friday he will meet the Red Crusaders at Deseronto.

VVV

The Chief Secretary and H. Q. Staff did an excellent Sunday at Deseronto. They tried the Red Crusaders' art to "see how it feels." It felt good, and comrades attended and souls were won.

VVV

Adj. Frank Morris has returned laden with a heavy from the Klondike. His comrades were exceedingly glad to see him back, and he was smiles all over. We shall shortly publish an interview with him.

VVV

With sincere sorrow we report the

PEACE

To the Office

My Dear Comrades.—The South African War is ended, by those who profess to be the subject, to be fought. I trust that this is so, and the joyful tidings of a peaceful, and lasting peace will be announced.

When, oh! when shall the time arrive when all round war shall cease, and peace be not only between man and what is far more important, even man and God?

Oh! then, we must take the war, our wishes by instalment, and present the news we in South Africa is very encouraging. War has been, as you all know, sorrow to me and to millions. It has been deplorable for man.

To begin with, there have been bitter conflicts of opinion in the public and private, the nation of human feeling, and the loss of a hard, selfish spirit.

Then there has been the caused by wounds, disease, and successfully bringing clouds over a multitude of homes, and wailing and we in the host of mothers, wives, and

Then there has been a thought and effort from what the great business of the future (Christ, namely, the Holy and Sherry, and Hell. Nationalists have been affected respect.

We may now hope, however, conflict is coming to an end. Be glad. Let us sing and give thanks in our satisfaction, let us conduct ourselves as true women of God, who labour to whom which is not after the things of this world.

Now, my comrades, if contention is settled, you feel that there is not as you would have it, you must, nevertheless, and thank God that things are as they are, we can get our own everything in this world. We ourselves to opposing storms, and do the best we can in circumstances. Again and again we are coming to cross our way of life, when we shall have done.

On the other hand, the conflict harmonizes with nations, carry yourselves in your nation as the children of your Father should do, and let your nation be known to all men.

Other things—Respect the feelings of our comrades. Sympathize with the tribulations they are called. They were counted enemies in the fight; now count them friends. Let bygones be bygones. Is your opportunity for the spirit of love by which you are benighted. Remember that Salvation Comrades on both sides.

Allow no vindictive excesses your minds. Avoid endless trumpeting over the annihilation which the defuncts to undergo will surely be without any heartless in your part.

Join in no Ceremonies consistent with your Union principles, and your Flag, or the judgment of your Officers. Refuse to believe the fables that will be flying abroad, calculated to keep open the hatred and revenge already shown in other civil War is ever

PEACE IN PROSPECT.

To the Officers and Soldiers of the
Salvation Army.

FROM THE GENERAL.

My Dear Comrades.—The conclusion of the South African War is now supposed, by those who profess to understand the subject, to be fairly within sight. I trust that this is so, and that the joyful tidings of a concluded, substantial, and lasting peace will soon be announced.

When, oh! when shall the blessed time arrive when all round the world War shall cease, and peace be proclaimed, not only between man and man, but what is far more important still, between man and God?

Then, we must take the realization of our wishes by instalments, and for the present the news we have from South Africa is very encouraging. The War has been, as you all know, a great sorrow to me and to multitudes more. It has been deplorable for many reasons.

To begin with, there have been the bitter conflicts of opinion in many circles, private and public, the demoralization of human feeling, and the creation of a hard, selfish spirit the world over.

Then there has been the suffering caused by wounds, disease, and death, necessarily bringing clouds of sorrow over a multitude of homes, and making straining and woe in the hearts of a host of mothers, wives, and children. Then there has been a diversion of thought and effort from what should be the great business of the followers of Jesus Christ, namely, the strife with Sin, and Misery, and Hell. Even Salvationists have been affected in this respect.

We may now hope, however, that this conflict is coming to an end. So let us be glad. Let us sing and give thanks; but, in our satisfaction, let us be careful to conduct ourselves as true men and women of God, who belong to a Kingdom which is not after the fashion of this world.

Now, my comrades, if, when the question is settled, you feel that the settlement is not as you would have wished it, you must, nevertheless, leave it to God, thank God that things are no worse, some of us can get our own way in everything in this world. We must bend ourselves to opposing storms and tempests and do the best we can under the circumstances. Again and again we shall be coming to cross roads on the way of life, when we shall have to say, "I will be done."

On the other hand, the result of the conflict harmonizes with your consciences, carry yourselves in your satisfaction as the children of your Heavenly Father should do, and let your moderation be known to all men. Among other things—

1. Respect the feelings of the Vanquished. Sympathize with them in the tribulations they are called to suffer. They were counted enemies before and during the fight; now count them as friends. Let bygones be bygones. This is your opportunity for showing the spirit of love by which you profess to be actuated. Remember that you have Salvationist Comrades on both sides.

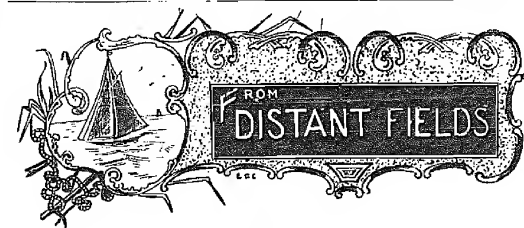
2. Allow no vindictive exultation to possess your minds. Avoid utterly any needless trampling over the fallen foe, or any animosity which the defeated will have to undergo will surely be painful enough without any heartless unbridledness on your part.

3. Join in no Ceremonies that are inconsistent with your Uniform, your Principles, and your Flag, or contrary to the judgement of your Officers.

4. Refuse to believe the false statements that will be flying abroad wholeheartedly calculated to keep open the wounds and revenge already existing. Do not let any other evils War is ever the pro-

lific parent of misrepresentation and falsehood, but true charity refuses to believe the worst even about our enemies; on the contrary, even for them it ever hopes the best.

5. Use your influence to heal the wounds which the conflict has made on both sides, and especially help the widow and orphan.



The General conducted three huge meetings in the Town Hall, Greenock. They were fully up to the General's usual standard.

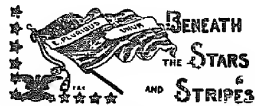
The Chief of the Staff, assisted by a large staff of officers, conducted a glorious campaign with 450 Corps-Cadets and visitors to the Huddleigh Farm Colony. The weather was delightful.

Major Elmistie, an old, devoted, and hard-working officer, has been promoted to Glory. It is a sad loss to the Army.

The Corps-Cadets of the Salvation Army in the British Isles now number the astounding total of 5,000. The Corps-Cadet system is getting into admirable shape.

Commissioner Coombs and Colonel Eadie led some special meetings at Loughborough Junction with good salvation results—three for holiness, three for salvation, and eight backsliders restored.

The Dean of Rochester, accompanied by Colonel Barker, visited the Blackfriars Shelter recently. The Dean addressed the men who were dining. Dean Holo, who had an audience with the Chief of the Staff, has since written expressing his appreciation of General Booth's practical work, and promised to address the men at Blackfriars Shelter, likewise to inspect the Industrial Land Colony at an early date.



The Commander is a tireless contributor to the War Cry. He has two stirring articles in the latest American Cry.

A special issue of the War Cry is promised for the fourth of July.

The Young Soldier is in for a great advance. Its size will be increased to sixteen pages, two of which will be devoted to the Swedish J.S. work. The price will remain the same.

Ensign Jones and Lieutenant MacCartney have been commissioned by In-

6. With renewed energy push your own War—the Holy War, the War of Love, THE WAR OF GOD. Give yourself to it afresh.

Pray for South Africa. Extra Officers and Money will be wanted for the two States where the conflict has been raging, for now comes our turn to fight. Never before in these lands was there such an opportunity as is right before us to-day, while the millions of Natives wait our Mission, calling for efforts a hundredfold beyond those at present in operation. We have admired the courage and skill of the Boer Farmer Volunteer, and the endurance and dash of the British Soldier. Who now will go and dare and suffer in the Cause of Christ, the Cause of Righteousness, and the Cause of Universal Love?

Comrades, I rely on you, and you may rely on your General.

Yours affectionately,
WILLIAM BOOTH.

The Century Scheme is being pushed by our Jamaican comrades.

Brigadier Rolfe has been on tour conducting special meetings at Sav la Mar, Bluefields, San Antonio, and Kingston. At Kingston the Mayor granted the use of the Town Hall free for Sunday and Monday.

Four native Jamaican Cadets have just been promoted to Lieutenants. The cry is for Candidates—Candidates!

Colonel Cosantery, Chief Secretary for Holland, has been laid aside ill and in hospital for some weeks. From news recently to hand, we are glad to say he is now progressing favorably.

COLONEL JACOBS

Dedicates the New Army Tent at
Dufferin Grove, Toronto.

Speaking of Camp Meetings, you should have been there! The Salvation Army took possession of Dufferin Grove, and under the leadership of the Chief Secretary, Colonel Jacobs, assisted by a number of Headquarters' Staff with their string instruments, conducted a series of very successful meetings in the new tent which has been prepared for the use of the Commissioner and the Red Crusaders on their tour in East Ontario.

Saturday night, after a good time in the open-air, there was a rousing free-and-easy inside the tent, where a fair crowd had gathered.

Sunday morning, holiness meeting, was an exceptionally blessed time. The Colonel was in excellent form, and spoke with power. Three souls sought the blessing of a clean heart.

The Liegar St. Band wended their way to the Grove in time to assist in the preliminary open-air meeting in the afternoon. This, added to the several other musicians present, made up an excellent band, which did good service both outside and in.

Bro. Sims with his violin, Bro. Hart with his cornet, and one or two others with Staff-Capt. Creighton, Adj. Attwell, and Capt. Easton made up rather a decent little orchestra, which lived things up a bit.

There was no waiting for testimonies. Many out of the large tent gave expression to the joy they found in the service of God.

Long before the hour for the evening open-air, the people began making their way to the Grove. At the conclusion of the outdoor service, the crowd rushed pell-mell into the tent, where a large number had already assembled. After some maneuvering and good-natured crowding most of the people were seated; but, alas for those who were unable to get inside! All round the tent, where the sides had been rolled up to admit plenty of fresh air, stood people, crowds of them, eagerly listening to the various testimonies and addresses, and joining heartily in the singing.

One brother, who had been saved some time ago in the Central Prison, greatly interested the audience with the story of his conversion behind the bars, while another brother told how he had been brought to God in the Kingston Penitentiary some years ago, and God had kept him and made him very useful in His service ever since.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts gave a short talk in his usual earnest and practical way, after which the Colonel rose, Bible in hand, and for some time held the crowd in almost breathless attention. Conviction was stamped on the upturned faces before us, and as we listened to the graphic description of the glorious passing over the Jordan of Death of the Colonel's father, the interest was intense.

One soul volunteered for salvation, while many others went away saddened by the knowledge of sins unperceived and hearts unawakened in the Blood of the Lamb.

Adj. Desbrisay rendered good service on the organ in the evening, and Bro. Jim Manton materially assisted in the band, as well as taking part in the testimonial meetings.

Many expressed the wish that the Army would continue the Camp for some time, as the interest seemed so great.—F. E.

ternational Headquarters to take charge of Pittsburgh I.

Major Parker, on account of failing health, has been compelled to retire from active service for some time.

Ensign Darr, who entered the American Field 12 years ago, is dead.

Mrs. Colonel French and the Mayor of Port Huron, Mich., are related. The Mayor attended our meetings in that city, and has promised very substantial assistance to our work.



Commissioner Kilbey is visiting Natal and conducting special meetings in the large cities.

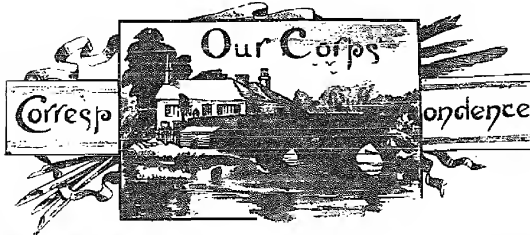
A cheery letter comes to Cape Town Headquarters from Capt. William Williams, who has been in Bulawayo ever since the war broke out. Referring to her temporal needs, she says: "I have always had sufficient until now. God has wonderfully provided for my wants. Most of our congregation have left for the front. However, I am looking forward to better times." The Captain anticipates a bright future for the Army in Bulawayo. The present strain is telling upon her somewhat. She was laid up for eleven days with influenza, but is now on the mend. She says, "Be assured in the strength of God of my loyalty to Him and the dear old Army. I love it more to-day than ever I have done before, and sincerely pray that this war may soon be over, and that with righteousness and peace reigning, the S. A. may go ahead faster than ever."

The S. A. work in Kimberley is assuming its "before-the-war" aspect. Capt. Quarterman is appointed to Mafeking.

Commissioner Bailton's latest report to the War Cry comes from Kaffraria. The Commissioner had a taste of what "trekking" really means. At Tlidsel location the natives lit a big fire to express their hearty welcome.



Brigadier and Mrs. Gale, the new leaders of the West Indies, had an enthusiastic reception at Bluefields, Jamaica. The meetings conducted were excellent. Thirsty officers were present.



WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE

MAJOR
McMILLAN,
P.O.

TILSONBURG.—We have just had a visit from our D. O. Adjt. McFarz of Simcoe, who was assisted by Captain Hancock, of Ingersoll, and Capt. Matthews, of Norwich. We can report a good meeting, and we say, "Come again, comrades."—L. K. for Capt. Hockin.

GUELPH.—I heard the S. A. were going to have a meeting in the Park Sunday, 3 p.m., so I went to see and hear. I saw a big crowd of very respectable people. The band played excellently. One sister danced, and two more attempted it. Altogether it was a good old-timer. I also went to the open-air at 6.15, and they had a beautiful time, also the inside meeting at 7.45. The meeting was grand. Bro. Dyson sang, "Have faith in God," and I saw five seekers for mercy before I left. One who was there.

BRANTFORD.—Glorious S. D. campaign, target smashed. A weekend visit from Major and Mrs. McMillan, which was much enjoyed by all. Three souls sought the blessing of a clean heart in the holiness meeting. Beautiful open-air meetings. Things in general looking good.—Bandmaster.

ESSEX.—Ever since coming to Essex we have been long thinking about and working for Self-Denial. But thank God, it has not been in vain. By the help of the Lord we have gained the victory and smashed out target of \$75.—Mrs. Capt. Hurlingham.



CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE

MAJOR TURNER,
Asst. P.O.

RIVERSHOLE.—Driving in stakes, tightening ropes, digging post-holes, putting up fence, erecting tent, etc., etc., are a few of the things the Army ministers were engaged in last week at this end of the city. Sunday was the opening of the tent meetings, and a good day was spent. The new barracks is being started this week.—N. H. T.

BRAMPTON.—On Thursday last we had with us Capt. Nelson, who was formerly in charge of this corps. The Captain rendered valuable assistance. We closed the day with three souls in the Fountain.—Geo. H. Nyland, Capt.

LISGAR ST.—Knee-drill Sunday morning good time. A poor, miserable backslider, who wandered into the barracks, fell at the potent form and was restored. Staff-Capt. Stanyon and his good wife conducted the meetings all day. Good open-air meetings and marches. Many evening as it was a splendid congregation gathered into the barracks, and we did have a beautiful time. Another backslider, a sister this time, poured out with tears her sorrow over her wrong doing.—S. McFarland, R. C.

MCAFORD.—The visit of Mrs. Brigadier Gaskin and Mrs. Major Turner was much enjoyed by the people of

Menford. The open-air Saturday night was attended by a large crowd of eager listeners. Many followed to the barracks, where a splendid meeting was held. Sunday afternoon and night meetings were held in the Town Hall, where a nice crowd assembled. The music and singing was much appreciated by all. Deep conviction was stamped upon many faces. Mrs. Gaskin and Mrs. Turner received many invitations to come back and do a week's meetings. Capt. Barker and Darrach.

NORTH- WEST PROVINCE

MAJOR
SOUTHALL,
P.O.

DAUPHIN.—Troops are advancing. Last Sunday night the march divided and held two open-air meetings. Drove nine miles to country schoolhouse for meeting. One soul. Powerful time last night; closed with two souls. Capt. Elliott is holding meetings this week in country. The new locals have taken hold well. The General's letters to the soldiers are proving a great blessing. God bless the General! S. D. passed with many blessings and victories. Juniors' work O. K. "Victory," our motto. No defeat.—Geo. S. Gamble, Capt.

PRINCE ALBERT.—We are very busy. S. D. is all the rage. One soul since last report. God is working. People are enquiring about God. Victory must come. Splendid meeting last Sunday night; many under conviction, though only one yielded. God set her at liberty.—T. L.

SOIRIS.—God has been wonderfully blessing us since coming here six weeks ago. A number of souls have been saved, and our crowds and finances A. 1. This weekend meetings were led by our worthy D. O. Ensign Emma Hayes, of Brandon. God came very near in the holiness meeting, and five souls came out for cleansing. Good interest in the afternoon meeting and the night meeting, which was held in the Opera House, was a decided success. The place was crowded, and best of all, two souls came forward. Collections for Sunday, over \$15. We wound up the day with a little concert meeting, when the Ensign gave a nice talk.

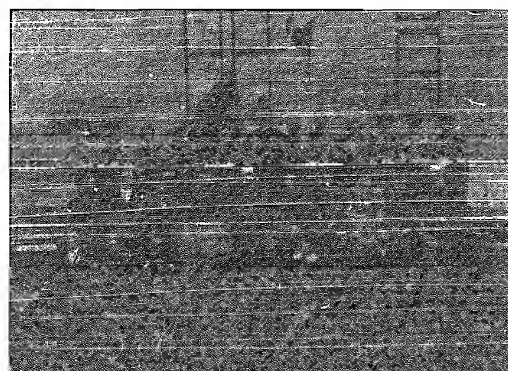
Monday night our troops were reinforced by the Chancellor, Adjt. Cass, of Winnipeg, also Capt. Lock, of Toronto, and Capt. J. Ferguson, with a host of comrades from Brandon, with lots of music. The concert in the Opera House at night was in every way a success. The children did their parts well, especially the club drill by five girls, and the General's Plan, by eight girls. The march of "Soldiers of the Queen" was done nicely by 20 boys and girls, and culled forth an applause. Adjt. Cass filled the position of chair-man in a most able manner. We finished up our special meetings with an ice cream and cake social, when over 200 people partook of the same. We cleared over \$50, which goes to help furnish our quarters. The people of Soiris are a warm-hearted people, and help us in every way. Thanks are due to them for the nice and cozy little home we enjoy, and best of all we are free from debt. A word of praise is due to Mr. Brinkley, who kindly decorated the hall giving it a most attractive appearance in Salvation Army style. We have raised our War Cry, and the Band of Love is now being organized; twenty members is our start. Our numbers are increasing, and the converts are getting on nicely.—Capt. Annie Hurst, C.

RAT PORTAGE.—Self-Denial has come and gone, and while it has meant a great deal of work, it has not been without its blessing. During the week a number of special meetings were held, viz., War Memories Meeting, in which Mrs. Ensign Halkirk gave an interesting address on her Field experience, which was enjoyed by all; a Nationality Meeting was the next feature, and attracted a very large crowd to the open-air to see the ten comrades who represented different countries. The inside meeting was also good. A Musical Meeting also followed in line, and a very enjoyable time was spent. Now that the effort is over we are able to record a sweeping victory, having gone some distance over our target.—J. C. H.

PORT WILLIAM.—Open-air meetings are the order of the day here. We have not had any public meetings in the barracks the past week, and we cannot have any for another week, on account of the small-pox epidemic, but we are doing our best in the open-air. Soldiers rally up well, and God helps us to be a blessing to those who listen to our testimonies night after night. S. D. has been delayed considerably with the breaking-out of the small-pox, but we are believing that we will get the remainder of our target soon.—L. R. McRae, Lieut., for Carrie E. Barrage.

OAKES, N. D.—We are still alive here. Although our indoor crowds are small, we have good open-air. The Lord has wonderfully blessed and helped financially the last three weeks. We not only got our S. D. target, but also paid off a debt of \$40, thus relieving the corps of a burden which has been upon it for a long time.—P. H. Brown, Capt.

Dancing is part of the musical gymnastics employed in some Chicago schools, its purpose being "to relieve the tension and to teach grace of motion and politeness." "Rhythmic movement," the teachers call it, but it is dancing, pure and simple.



CANMAN, MAN, CORPS.



NEW FOUND- LAND PROVINCE

BRIGADIER
SHARP,
P.O.

CLARK'S BEACH.—Sunday, a beautiful time. Six souls in the Fountain at night, good cases. Self-Denial target knocked out on the second round. Officers and soldiers in high spirits. The work shall roll on.—J. Moore, Capt.

ROCKY HARBOUR.—Souls are getting saved and soldiers are all on fire. The Self-Denial battle is now upon us. Comrades are taking hold in the right spirit, and altogether we are believing that a great victory shall be won.—L. Sheppard, Capt.

CARRONNEAR.—We had with us on Friday night Brigadier Sharp, also Adjt. Kenway, for the opening of our new Junior Hall. The Brigadier explained the purpose of the little hall, then he called upon Capt. Fudge to speak. The Captain has been working all the winter doing his best to get the hall completed. We pray that God will reward him for his labors, and that the little hall may be a Bethel to many.

Adjt. Kenway with us Saturday night with his graphophone. Everyone delighted with the meeting.—Sergt.-Major Taylor.

HANT'S HARBOR.—Our Self-Denial is over. Our target is reached; in fact, we went over it. Our dear comrades and friends, so many of them are off for the summer. We miss them very much, but are looking forward to their return with a good trip of fish, and well saved and on fire for souls.—Captain England.

HARBOR GRACE.—Self-Denial was a great victory. Much praise is due to the soldiers for the way in which they helped in this effort. Many of them showed their true self-denying spirit. Sunday, all day, we had with us Capt. Kenway, and at night two souls came to the Mercy Seat. Monday night the Adjutant gave a graphophone service, which was a great success.—E. P. Spracklin, Capt., for Adjt. Boggs.



EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE

BRIGADIER
FUGHRIF,
P.O.

OTTAWA.—We had a very successful day Sunday, June 3rd. Three seeking souls at close. On Thursday evening, Capt. Wilson, accompanied by the brass band, held a great salvation meeting at Rupert's Village, the home of Adjt. Magee, which was a great success. This was the first visit of the S. A. to that place, which is about 22 miles from this place on the Gutierrez. On same evening at Ottawa, welcome to Lieut. Edwards, one of our old comrades. Also another soul found victory at the Cross. On Sunday, 10th June, band commissioned with John Dunham and A. E. Oliver as Bandmaster and Band Sergeant respectively. Capt. Wilson goes home on account of her mother's illness, for two weeks. Ensign Ottawa is on a tour of the District, while Lieut. Chapman, of Bessemer Home, saw good-bye and Capt. Sisseton fills the vacancy, and Lieut. Ford receives the rank of Captain. With three souls having before God we closed Sunday's work. Self-Denial has been a great success, for which we are most grateful to God.—Sec. Frouch.

The Empire of Mamoon is the most important country that is absolutely without a newspaper.

The annual report of Lord Cromer on Egypt and the Sudan tells a story of great prosperity. In Egypt the revenue has reached the highest figure since the British occupation commenced, and shows a surplus of £1,402,000 of income over expenditure.

KENTVILLE.—get hit fair & smash the target. Knead-Grand open-air House Sunday. Saddle. R. C.

HIAMPTON.—two souls at the then and kept air meetings. A gentleman gave air offering. by Cand. Miley John I. They L. Penny, Ensign.

YARMOUTH.—were times of noon we had and eighteen or testified to God keep. Monday meeting, and on had, years before ian, came back.

GLACE BAY.—Week was one side attenda hundred for week since took church. A Junior meeting \$35 over the three souls were knee-drills have the "war" beg Serget-Major.

SOUTHAMPTON.—night we had a "Five Sees in ed by Capt. G. The little Junior different parts well appreciated peeked out. By joy themselves, suits will be so Kingdom. T down here. Capt. troops on to vi J. S. S.

NORTH SYDNEY.—a lot of talking going to do, but that it's better what has been c will have notice drill race going and North Sydn said that they suit the first month Thompson and sight. "When v R. C.

CAMPBELLTUG.—here, four w some good time we had the joy man knowing an mercy; also a y self unwearely A. M. McKie, R. C.

GREAT FALLS.—success. Mrs. C. 75. Several souls since last report. nicely.—W. Cumt.

MISSOULA.—Zabarn have h come out with their Self-Denial is due them for we are pushing



EASTERN PROVINCE

MAJOR PICKERING, P.O.

KENTVILLE, N. S.—Self-Denial target bit fair and square. We didn't smush the target, we want it for next year. Knees-drill better than usual. Grand open-air in front of the Porter House Sunday afternoon. Good collection. Soldiers keeping good.—A. Jess, Lt. C.

HAMPTON. Lately we have seen two souls at the Cross. May God bless them and keep them true. Our open-air meetings were well attended. One gentleman gave fifty cents to the open-air offering. We are now reinforced by Capt. Mirry and Sister Thiek, of St. John. They are a good help to us.—L. Penny, Ensign; L. Ginevan, Lieut.

YARMOUTH.—Sunday, the meetings were times of blessing. In the afternoon we had an unusually good time, and eighteen or twenty in the audience testified to God's power to save and keep. Monday night we had a musical meeting, and one soul, a backslider, who had, years before, been an active Christian, came back to God.—A. E. H.

GLACE BAY.—The regular S.-D. Week was one of decided victory. Inside attendance increased. Two hundred for the week over any week since Captain Thompson took charge. Marches increased by 21. Junior meetings more than doubled. \$35 over our target, and, best of all, three souls were converted to God. Our knees-drills have gone away up since the "war" began.—J. T. McIlwain, Sergt.-Major.

SOUTHAMPTON, Ber.—On Tuesday night we had a special meeting, entitled, "Five Scenes in Christianity," conducted by Capt. Goodwin, from Somerset. The little Juniors went through their different parts satisfactorily. It was well appreciated. The barracks were packed out. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves. We pray that the results will be someone deciding for the Kingdom. Things are going ahead down here. Capt. Cowan is leading her troops on to victory.—C. E. Harrison, J. S. S.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Some people do a lot of talking about what they are going to do, but in this town we believe that it's better to be able to publish what has been done. War Cry readers will have noticed that there is a knees-drill race going on between Glace Bay and North Sydney. Glace Bay people said that they were going to win, but the first month has ended, and Capt. Thompson and his troops are out of sight. "When will they appear?"—A. B. C.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.—Since coming here, four weeks ago, we have had some good times. On Monday night we had the joy of seeing one young man kneeling at the Cross crying for mercy; also a young woman gave herself unreservedly to the Lord.—Lieut. A. M. McKie, for Capt. A. B. Jackson.



PACIFIC PROVINCE

MAJOR HARGRAVE, P.O.

GREAT FALLS.—S.-D. a glorious success. Mrs. Cummins collected \$118.75. Several souls at the penitent form since last report. J. S. war doing nicely.—W. Cummins.

MISSOULA. Capt. Southall and Zicharth have hit the bull's-eye and come out with flying colors in raising their Self-Denial target. Great credit is due them for their faithfulness and we are praising God for victory and

that Missoula is O. K. In the Sunday afternoon meeting, one backslider came back to the fold.—J. H. Hurst, Lt. C.

NELSON.—Since last report eighteen precious souls have been rescued from the devil and sin, nine of which have been made into real Blood-and-Fire soldiers. Praise God! The Self-Denial target has been smashed to pieces. The Juniors helped wonderfully. To God be all the glory.—White Wings.

KAMLOOPS.—The work of the Army in Kamloops has distinctly improved of late. Seekers for holiness are more numerous; one or two have recently laid hold of the blessing, as can readily be noted by their testimony. We have had two beautiful cases at the Fountain this week. Would that it was two hundred instead of two. Last week there were one or two cases. One beautiful case recently I must tell you of. A young man listened to our open-air testimony meeting. We had two open-airs last night, and he followed us to the second meeting. He attended the indoor meeting afterwards. When the meeting was dismissed he went out with the rest. Someone knocked at the door of the barracks just as the officers were about to leave. "Captain," said this young man referred to, "I must see you to-night. I want to get saved, and I cannot make up my mind to leave town to-night till I settle this question once for all." The Captain, of course, showed him the way, and soon the young man was weeping over his sin and calling upon God for pardon; of course he got what he asked for. This soul-saving work is all right.—Soldier.

The N. and M. League at Victoria, B.C.

The Naval and Military League here can report great blessings since we have started our League meetings, which are held every Thursday night. If you could just see and hear us in the Queen's uniform, ten of us, on the platform, you would truly say, the Lord is good. "Eulielujah!" It is so good after our day's work is done to be able to get away to the meetings. Our only desire is to see souls brought out of darkness into the light; our one aim is to go on to victory. I read about the dear kids that have arrived home from the front, and the reception that they got after fighting faithfully for their country, and I thought about the reception that we shall get when we are called Home, after our fight is finished. What tongue can tell the joy when we pass through the Pearly Gates and meet our dear Saviour face to face.

We had a glorious week-end; the Lord was with us, showering down the blessings all day Sunday. The meetings were largely attended. Our League meeting last Thursday was a time of power; the people in the town were nearly wild celebrating the taking of Jutarnia, but we had a good crowd inside. The meeting was led by Brother Johnson, of H. M. S. "Warspite," and we were rejoicing even greater than the world was, because we had been relieved from the chains of sin that had bound us. Our officers, Staff-Capt. Chitt and Capt. LeDrew, are never-tiring in their labors for the extension of the Master's kingdom.—Gunner S. Campbell, Naval and Military League.

A TRIP BY STAGE THROUGH NEW COUNTRY.

After a rather nice turn at Pembroke, which was quite a success financially, I took the Pembroke Southern for Golden Lake Junction, where we had to wait nearly three hours for the train to Barry's Bay. You have doubtless heard the fable of the cruel boys and the frogs, in which the frogs are made to say to the boys, on account of their cruelty,

"It is Fun to You, but Death to Us."

Well, sir, that time at the Junction was solid fun for the mosquitoes. Well has the poet said, "But the waiting time, my brothers, is the hardest time of all."

At last the train bore in sight and we are off to Barry's Bay, where we hope to get a boat to Combermere that night, but disappointment awaits us, and we find we have to stage it over 13 miles of rough road, without one dwelling near to break the monotony. It was sand, mud, rock; rock, sand, mud; mud, rock, sand; enlivened at last by a bush fire and an extra good baby on board the stage.

Combermere at last. Arriving at the parsonage, I was soon made at home by the Rev. Mr. McConnell and his worthy wife. This brotherly minister had taken all care to announce and arrange my meeting, and then acted as door-keeper; and a very nice meeting was enjoyed, with a good substantial collection at the door. Mr. McConnell announced that I would preach on Sunday. So I settle down to spend the next two days in this little spot, and a very enjoyable time it was. A tiny village at the foot of a mountain, the parsonage just two or three rods from a nice sheet of water, a nice boat, and a minister and his wife who treat you like a brother, and what more do you want for a quiet, enjoyable day? I shall not soon forget the kindness shown me here.

Saturday afternoon I went out about two miles to the home of Lieut. Yandaw. I find here some warm friends of the S. A. I visited several other families and was astonished afterwards to find I had visited a brother of one of my former Lieutenants.

Sunday morning I visited the Methodist Sunday School and found myself put in for leader. They were a nice lot of children, and listened attentively to the little talk I gave them at the close. At 3 p.m. I attended the Church of England service, and heard one of the best lay's voices it has been my privilege to hear for a long time. Just behind me a little fellow wailed the sweetest music. What is sweeter than to hear the clear, young voice full of real music, sing, "If I ask Him to receive me, will He say me, Nay?"

At 6:30 I spoke in the Methodist Church. I noticed one man with tears in his eyes. It may have been my sermon made him cry, or perhaps he was

so sorry he had come. He didn't tell me which.

Monday there was an eclipse of the sun here; it may have occurred in other places also. I sat studying the Encyclopedia Britannica. I don't know if it yet, but I know more than I did. At night I led a prayer meeting, and helped to put a little lay together who had been kicked to pieces by a horse. Poor little chap, his scalp was laid open for about four inches, yet he bore the dressing of it like a soldier. God bless little Eddie; may he grow up to follow Jesus and bear wounds as bravely for Him.

Tuesday, Doubtless you have heard, sir, of the Irishman who was hired to a farmer, who declared he liked this country, for people made you get up in the night to eat. Well, the night was just nicely passed when I had to rise and eat and strike for the stage, which conveys us over 25 miles of the worst road I have ever traveled, to Maynooth. If a man can live on fine scenery and fresh air, let him come to this country, and settle half way to Maynooth.

In a talk I had with the boy who drove the stage, he stoutly declared his intention never to use liquor. I was glad to find a lad engaged on a rough job who had such a stiff temperance backbone. Liquor flows plentifully here. Over and over I have heard told it is the curse of the country. Every little village has from one to three hotels, or places where liquor may be obtained. The Methodist ministers are fighting it with a degree of success, thank God. Oh, thou enemy of mankind, thief of all virtue, blighter of all beauty, breaker of hearts, robber of heaven, revivifying-officer of hell! God bless thine enemies, and curse thee till thou fall to rise no more!

Wednesday. I have discovered that my traveling companion of yesterday is a wonderful person—a man of sharp wit and one of the best music teachers in Canada. Little did I think I had conversed with such a notable; and this information came direct from himself, so it must be correct. We had to rise at 3:30 to take the stage to Bancroft, and in the arrangement of seats, I sat down on the professor's lap. I shall reserve my report of what followed till next time.—Jos. Parker, Ensign.

"Nature Does It"

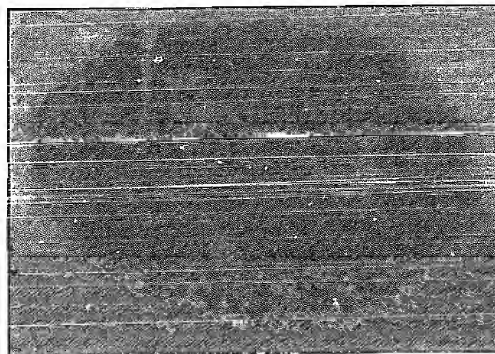
Prof. Magendie, the great French physician, whose experiments and teachings are recorded and scattered over the whole globe, addressed the students at the Paris Medical College in the following language: "Gentlemen, medicine is a great humbug. It is nothing like science. Doctors are mere empirics when they are not charlatans. We are ignorant as men can be. I must tell you frankly that I know nothing about medicines. I repeat to you that there is no such thing as medical science. People are cured, but how? Nature does a great deal, but doctors do very little."

A Jewish Fable.

A Jewish fable says, "Every man has two angels attending him, one standing on the right hand, and one on the left. When he does anything good, the angel on the right hand writes it down and seals it, because what is nice done well is done for ever. When he does evil, the angel on the left hand marks it down, but does not seal it. He waits until midnight; if before that time, the man bows his head and exclaims, 'Gracious God, I have sinned, forgive me,' the angel puts the misdeed out; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel on the right hand weeps."—Jewish Daily News.

A Child's Prayer.

A little boy named James Stansfield once offered the following prayer:—"Make us all gooder and gooder, till we can't be no gooder!" From the time he could first talk his mother taught him to pray, and in after years he became a great, good man—the light Hon. James Stansfield. Not so long ago, he passed away, loved and respected by all for his goodness and piety. Be praying boys and girls, and you will grow into righteous men and women.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. GILLAM, NORTH-WEST PROVINCES.



Helena's Oldest Soldier Joins the Army Triumphant.

Helena Corps has lost one of its oldest soldiers, Com. F. Chandler, who was promoted to heaven the 22nd day of April. He was the first Army convert in Helena, and at once took a firm stand for God as an Army soldier. He had, previous to his conversion, lived a very wild and sinful life, and Bro. Chandler realized that he had been forgiven much and therefore he loved much. He was adopted by all for the humble, Christ-like spirit he possessed, and his faithfulness to God and the Army. He held several positions—Drum Sergeant, Color Sergeant, and Sergeant-Major. Then came his trying time for Bro. Chandler. His health failed him, and he was obliged to leave Helena for Oklahoma, India, thinking the climate there would benefit him. However, the change did not do him any good, as he grew worse instead of better, and returned to Helena a little over two months ago, and was permitted once more to look upon his spiritual birthplace, and add his testimony among the comrades to the keeping power of Christ. Although there was no S. A. Oklahoma, yet he was true to the ones he had taken, and was



FRANK CHANDLER, of Helena.

a brave soldier to the last. His sickness was very trying indeed, being cancer of the stomach. He suffered very much, but under it all he was very patient and given up to his Master's will. As friends and comrades visited him on his deathbed he spoke to them about being true to God and staying with the Army. Towards the last he raised himself up in bed and sang his favorite song, "There's a light in the valley." Then he said, "It is all well with my soul." Adit. Stevens and Capt. Scott and several soldiers and friends were around his bed when he passed to the regions of light.

He leaves a wife and three children to mourn their great loss, but we are glad to know that God has said He is a Comforter to the widow and a Father to the fatherless.

We gave him a soldier's funeral, and the barracks was crowded with sympathizing friends. Adit. Stevens conducted the service, assisted by Capt. Scott. The Adjutant presided very urgently upon them all the great need of being ready for the Master's call. The memorial service was held the evening following and was largely attended, the service being very impressive. Hardly a dry eye could be seen in the barracks. We trust that many will follow our dear comrade's example and choose the better part—B. M. to a soldier.

To Heaven from Pilley's Island.

"My soul is all right, I am not afraid to die," were the words spoken by Sister Anderson, in answer to the Captain's question a few hours before she passed away.

The first day of January, the first Sunday night meeting the Captain led. Sister Anderson, who had been a backslider for some time, came to God and gave herself to Him once more. Since then she has lived a Christian life. Many times during the past winter she used to express herself by testimony in

the barracks, and by conversation with others, that she had never felt better in her soul.

Her death was quite sudden, just three days sick, and on May 30th, at half-past seven at night, the chariot lowered.

Sister Anderson leaves a husband and six children, and also a sorrowing father. To these we extend our sincerest sympathy.

We buried her yesterday according to Army regulations, in our quiet little graveyard at Spencer's Dock, to await the resurrection morning.

The Captain is to conduct another funeral tomorrow, which makes seven Army funerals in five months.—J. J.

In a Watery Grave.

Sad Death of a Faithful S. A. Soldier.

Bro. Bainbridge, one of our pioneer converts of Medicine Hat, has gone to the throne of glory to be crowned by the hand of Jehovah. A short time ago he went down the river in a small boat made for the purpose of carrying provisions to a ranch about one hundred miles down. As the boat was being loaded some gentlemen passed the remark that it didn't look any too safe, and I, being of the same opinion, asked Bro. Bainbridge if he wasn't afraid it would sink, but he said, "Oh God will see to call me away, I'll make no difference how strong the boat is, and if He don't it won't matter how weak it is. I can't sink with God to care for me."

His last words were as he left shore. "God be with you till we meet again. If I don't get to town again I want you to meet me in heaven," and these words were, I believe, the cause of my coming back to the fold for I bore the name of a backslider at the time. As the little craft floated out into the deep I stood watching it with a heavy heart, and wondering if it would ever return. About a week later came the report that Bro. Bainbridge was seen no more, his comrades reaching shore in safety.

Bro. Bainbridge's death was keenly felt by all who knew him, and especially by the corps. Although his body had a watery grave, we believe his soul has passed over the sea where all is peaceful, bright, and fair. Bro. Bert Dapkin.

The German army is to have a number of automobiles to be used not only for the transportation of the baggage, provisions, and ammunition, but also for the rapid transportation of soldiers.

VVV

While women have only been recently admitted to German universities, the doctor's decree was conferred on a young woman named Dorothea von Schlozer as early as 1787, at Göttingen, after an examination in Latin, archæology, mining, and algebra.

VVV

At Mascul, near the foot of Mount Etna, is to be seen the largest tree in the world. Its trunk is three hundred and four feet in circumference. The largest tree in the United States is said to be the giant tree near Bear Creek, on the north fork of the Tule River, in California. It measures one hundred and forty feet in circumference.

VVV

The Italians are an exceedingly poor people generally, and their poverty is aggravated by a system of taxation which lays grievous burdens upon most of the necessities of life. Salt is a Government monopoly, and no one can draw a bucket of water out of the sea without permission, lest he should evade the tax by extracting the salt contained in the water.



II—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XIII.

Although defeated once, the Samnites continued to be a strong nation and a menace to Rome. In 322 B. C. while Alexander the Great was making his famous conquest of the East, his uncle Alexander, King of Epirus, invaded Italy. At that time Southern Italy had numerous great cities, from which that part of the peninsula was called Greater Greece. Alexander stayed in Italy six years and was then killed. During his stay he attacked the Samnites, and the Romans made an alliance with him against their old enemy. Rome formed other alliances with such cities as were in fear of the Samnites, in order to overthrow them.

Two cities were independent yet, Palearopolis and Neapolis. The latter was an easy prey to the Romans, while the former submitted voluntarily. These two cities, however, often changed sides between the Romans and the Samnites. During the siege of Palearopolis, the consul's term ended. The senate elected two new consuls at Rome, but instead of recalling Pablius Philo, one of the old consuls, who commanded the army, they appointed him pro-consul.

This was the beginning of the custom to send ex-consuls in time of war, or to govern distant provinces as pro-consuls. In 320 B. C. a dictator was appointed on account of the consul's sickness. Lucius Papius, the dictator, was severe in his rule. Once, when he was obliged to return to Rome on account of a religious ceremony, he charged his lieutenant, Fabius Rullianus, not to fight, during his absence. However, such an excellent opportunity for a brilliant victory presented itself that Fabius could not resist. He defeated the enemy, killing 20,000 men. He was very selfish and hated to have the spoils of his victory given to the dictator, so he burnt them all. When the dictator heard of this disobedience he had Fabius sentenced to death. While the dictators were stripping him, he managed to escape among the soldiers, who closed around him, and so prevented the dictators from recapturing him. He reached Rome, where his father called the senate together, who showed themselves so resolved to save Fabius that Papius was forced to pardon him.

Two years later the Romans marched into Campania, when the Samnites, under Pontius Herennius sent spies, disguised as shepherds, to entice the Romans into a narrow mountain pass, near Caudium, the exit of which had been blocked up with trunks of trees. As soon as the Romans had entered the narrow pass the entrance was wisely blocked up, and so they were caught in a trap.

The Samnites equipped of the father of their commander, a wise man, what to do with the Romans. The old man advised that the wall be opened and the Romans allowed to go free. This would have made friends and allies of them. But the Samnites were unwilling to let their quarry go without advantage.

"Then kill them all," was the advice of the sons. This seemed undesirable to the people. So they decided upon a course, which proved the worst of all. They compelled the Romans to lay down their weapons, and take off their armor, after the consuls having agreed to a disgraceful peace. Then they were compelled to pass beneath an archway of spears into liberty. In silence the degraded army marched out, and cast themselves upon the ground at Capua. The city of Capua pitied them, and brought them food. At their entrance into Rome the city went into mourning; the ladies wore no jewelry, and shops were closed. The consuls resigned and new ones were elected.

Revenge was thought of now. Posthumus, one of the consuls who had sworn peace, was bound and sent back to the Samnites. When the Roman herald had delivered him, Posthumus turned and killed him, saying, "I am now a Samnite, and have insulted you. This is a just cause of war." Although the Samnites considered this action a trick unworthy of the Romans, yet they allowed Posthumus to go back

safely to Rome, which received him as having recovered his honor.

In an casual battle, Pontius and 7,000 Samnites were compelled to lay down their arms and to pass under the spears in turn. The struggle between these two nations went on for seventy years with changing success. The Romans had also to fight Etruria and the Gauls.

The Samnite wars were considered at an end in 290 B. C. At that time the chief general of the Samnites, Pontius Telesinus, was taken a prisoner and put to death at Rome.

Prisoners of War.

Extracts from Letters Sent to Major Allen, Head of the Naval and Military League.

Pte. J. Flooke, C. Co., 1st Gloster Regt., Prisoner of War, Waterval, near Pretoria.

Dear Major—I know that you will be very glad to receive this from one of your Leaguers who are among the prisoners here at Waterval. I have been here six months, and I have been taken prisoner on the 30th of October, the same day as Brother Marshall was promoted to glory. I was also wounded myself through my right wrist, but it was not serious, and I was only in hospital a month with it.

Now, dear Major, I know that you will say, "Hallelujah!" when you hear that God is working amongst us in this prison. Since we have been here 33 souls have found Christ, and it makes us feel how good God is when we see so many accepting His offered mercy. But we are still believing for more, which I know we shall have if we have faith in Him. We are a happy band of Christians, all of one mind, and all in one place, though not all of one sect. But, thank God! we work together to overthrow the strongholds of Satan, and to build up the Kingdom of God. We have a good-sized tent, holding between fifty and sixty persons, which is packed every night, inside and out, with men who are anxious to hear about Jesus and His dying love; besides having Gospel meetings every night, we have Bible studies every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, so you see that all things are working together for good to them that love God. Whether in prison or on the battlefield, we can sing praises unto our God.

Besides myself in here, there are Bros. S. Crew, J. Crew (1st Gloucester, Bro. Woodgate (18th Hussars), Bro. Sparrow (of the Northumberland Fusiliers), one of the brothers of the Worcester Leaguers, and Bro. Hills (Royal Irish Rifles); so you see that the dear old Army is well represented here. We are all marching forward to Zion.

VVV

481 Pte. F. W. Woodgate, B. Co., 18th Hussars (Prisoner of War).

Dear Major—I take the liberty of trespassing upon your time, hoping that by the grace of God it may meet you in the enjoyment of good health. I have been a "prisoner of war" since the 20th of October, but, glory to God! my heart is free from sin and all its powers.

You will be glad to hear from one of your fighting comrades, both for the Lord, and Queen and country, who is, unfortunately, somewhat shut up; but, thanks be to God, we are not shut out from Him Who is the Omnipresent and Omnipotent One.

With the blood applied to our hearts, and the fire burning within us, then all is well. Do you know, I praise God for ever bringing me into prison, and, with a number of my comrades, I can shout, "Hallelujah!" from my heart. There is quite a happy band of us—Salvationists, Wesleyans, and Baptists, and others. The Boer officials granted us a Gospel tent, and the Lord has blessed us with about thirty souls.

How the Lord is blessing us! We are just like Paul, singing praises unto God in prison. We never will give up our dear old General's motto: "On, on, and still on!"

Notwithstanding Russia's enormous expenditure for the construction of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and for increasing the strength of her army and navy, her revenues during the last 12 years have exceeded her disbursements by 790,000,000 roubles.

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General Secretary's Jottings

The Commissioner's meeting for Local Officers at the Temple was a decided success. The Locals and Officers present heartily enjoyed the meeting, and deeply appreciated the opportunity of listening to the wise words of counsel on some very timely topics. There is no doubt but that the meeting will prove a blessing to our work in the city, and will be an impetus to all concerned. The Commissioner's address was excellent.

Adj. and Mrs. McGill farewell from Skagway on July 8th, and after having a couple of weeks' rest on the Coast, will take an appointment in the Pacific Provinces. They will be succeeded in Skagway by Capt. Florie Southall and Lieut. —. We predict for the new officers a successful term in this Alaskan city.

Adj. Myrsk Morris, after a safe journey from Dawson City, arrived in Toronto on June 10th, and was given a hearty reception by his Headquarters comrades.

Adj. and Mrs. Barr, and Captains Lloyd and Wilson left Winnipeg on June 14th, and sail from Vancouver for the gold regions on June 20th.

Capt. LeCocq is holding on until the arrival of Adj. Barr, at Dawson City.

We regret to say that Ensign Elbery has been somewhat unwell with a bad cold. The Commissioner has kindly arranged for her to have a furlough on her return from the Klondike, before taking another appointment.

Capt. Kenney remains in Dawson until the Fall.

Adj. Wiggins, portly and hearty, has farewelled from Barrie and takes an appointment in the Eastern Province. God grant that he and his dear wife may be made a great blessing.

Adj. DesBrisay, who has been resting for two months in fair and lovely Bermuda, takes charge of the Barrie Corps and District.

Capt. George McJelland and wife have taken charge of the Toronto Shelter.

Ensign and Mrs. Fletcher, with their two little darlings are farewelling from Hamilton Shelter, and proceed to —.

The Commissioner, with the Staff Band, is visiting Grimsby Park on July 14th and 15th. We are expecting great times, and shall not be disappointed.

Inquirer.—No. Open-air cannot be counted as indoor meetings, nor yet can the congregations be counted as such.

Candidates! Candidates! Candidates! Wanted—Young men and women with sanctified brain and backbone, and who have a yearning love for souls! The harvest is great and the laborers are few! Apply at once to your Presbyntial Officer. Do not hold back any longer.



ENSIGN HADKIRK AND CADET MERON, representing the "Wild and Woolly West" at their Nationality Meeting in Rat Portage.

"GOOD-BYE, DAWSON!"

On Friday, May 18th, around a well-laden train, a company of people who excelled themselves at the task set before them, the event being the final farewell of Adj. Morris. The chairman, Mr. Heatherington, B.A., B.D., called on Mr. Sheppard and Capt. Kenney, who spoke of the pleasant companionship of the Adjutant, the latter speaking of him very enthusiastically as a comrade he had lived and fought with to advantage. The writer soloed, "I love him best of all." Bro. Biddle was next called, and he said that he was pleased he had met the Adjutant, adding that he was not afraid to strike a town broke where the S. A. was. Mrs. Heatherington sang, reminding us of home. The ministers spoke at some length of their acquaintance with the Adjutant, commenting on the work done in the city and other places. The Adjutant thanked the company over and over for their kind wishes and for their practical assistance in the past, relating some incidents of interest to those present. He felt sure that they would receive the new officers with open arms and open pocket-books. We sang, "God be with you till we meet again." Mr. Heatherington, bringing the gathering to a close by prayer. We shall miss the Adjutant, but our loss is others' gain. The prayers and wishes of his comrades and friends follow him—Froggie.

TORONTO OFFICERS BOMBARD MARKHAM.

"All aboard!" was the command, and Major Turner and Staff-Capt. Stinson, with several of the city officers, were found in a big driving in the direction of Markham, 19 miles away, where they were to do a special Self-Denial meeting. After a three and a-half hours' drive we found ourselves entering the town. After we arrived at our hotel we had a "brush off" etc., and then were found marching down the street to a large hotel. The people stood around anxious to hear what was said. Rife of all kinds stopped. When the offering was being taken up we soon found that there were many generous hearts only waiting for a chance to help; a good collection was given. An invitation was given to the Methodist Church, which was kindly lent to us for the meeting. The people followed and the place was well filled. The orchestra was composed as follows: Major Turner and Capt. White, concertinas; Staff-Capt. Stinson, cornet; Capt. Richmond, violin; Capt. Wilson and Kivell and your humble servant, guitars; Sgt.-Major Seeds, drum. After a selection by the orchestra, Major Horn read a few verses from the word of God. Tris, duets, and solos were given. Capt. White then reminded the people how they had so kindly come to his assistance in the last S.-D. effort, and how he believed, by the provided church and the attention given, that they were ready to show their sympathy to the work of the S. A. Of course a good, big collection was given and several bought the War Cry. Major Turner gave a nice interesting talk on what the Army was doing in Africa and India and all round the world. Adj. Stinson prayed after the Major had thanked the friends who had given up their church for a meeting. We closed one of the best meetings held in Markham for a long time.—N. R. T.

Things Worth Knowing.

British India now has 140 colleges and 17,000 students.

In 1788 only 465 visitors went to Carlsbad for the purpose of securing the benefit of the waters, while the number of visitors last year was 50,000, of whom 21,588 were Americans.

The name of the winds known as "monsuns" is supposed to be derived from the Arabic word meaning "seasons."

Brigadier Schoch paid a visit to Finland, as the representative of I. H. Q. in connection with the annual Congress, which opened at Helsinki on June 6th.

Adj. Babbington Farewells from Spokane

On Monday last the Spokane soldiery lost their leader, in the person of Adj. Babbington, who has been leading on the forces for the past eight months. Sunday was his last Sunday at the corps before taking a four-months' furlough, which includes a visit to England to her home, which she left five years ago to come to this country. Right from 7 o'clock knee-drill till the finish at night, God came near and poured out His Spirit. At the night meeting many testified to the blessing the Adjutant had been to them, amongst the number being those who had stepped into light and liberty since her command. Capt. Noble, her faithful A. D. C., was unable to say anything, but the Adjutant spoke very beautifully of her Christianlike character, and what a help she has been. We finished up with a consecration song, renewing our vows to God.

Since the Adjutant's stay at Spokane some

One Hundred and Four Souls

have knelt at the Mercy Seat. A nice little crowd were down at the Great Northern Depot on Monday morning to bid the Adjutant good-bye on her long journey.—A Soldier.



To Parents, Relations and Friends.

We wish to inform you that in any part of the globe, befriend and, as far as possible, seek out and bring home to us any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Ensign Elbery, 16 Albany St., Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. If you cannot do so, if possible, to delay.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look special through this column and so notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First insertion.

GARDINER, WILLIAM HARMAN, Age 28. Was brought with brother Victor from Boston to Detroit in 1880, and parted in Wayne County. Victor enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WESTWARD, ANNIE, Age 80. Last known address, Lambton County, Nova Scotia. Sister Enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

TULLY, EDWARD, Left Dresden 12 years ago. Last heard of in Denver, Col. Brother enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HACKETT, THOMAS WALTER, Age 33, height 6 ft., brown hair and eyes. Was born in stone quarry. Last heard of nine years ago in Porto Costo, Cal. Supposed to be in Capt Nome, Alaska. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

DUNHAM, GEORGE H., Age 51, height 5 ft. 6 in., fair, thick set. Left San Francisco for Dawson, in March, 1893. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

Second insertion.

TRIVELLA, WILLIAM, Age 31, height 5 ft. 5 in. Occupation a miner. Last heard of three years ago at Caribou Gold Mines, Halifax Co., N. S. Mother in England very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HOPKINSON, WILLIAM HERMAN, Fair complexion, light brown hair, age 22. Last heard of in Minneapolis, Minn. Thought to have gone West. Friends in Kallispell anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HEARNEY, JOHN, Age 40, medium height, dark complexion. Born in Ireland. Lived a number of years in Newfoundland. Last heard of three years ago in New York. Sister in Newfoundland has money for him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

FISHER, JOHN ERNEST, Age 21, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair complexion, brown eyes. Carpenter by trade. Left Collingwood, Ont., two years ago. Last heard of in Skagway, Alaska. Mother enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

McINTYRE, FINDLAY, Left Newfoundland in December, 1889. Last heard of at Malta P. O., Idaho, U. S. A. Height 6 ft. 1 in., light brown hair,

blue eyes, weight 185 lbs., age 30. Sisters Mary Ann and Christina enquire. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

COMPTON, JOHN T., Age 30, height 5 ft. 9 in., black hair, brown eyes. Believed to have come to Canada in company with Annie Reed, age 30, height 5 ft. 5 in., brown hair and eyes. Friends anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

SMITH, HOMER F., Left Government April 11th, 1899. Last heard from at Yorktown, S. D. Age 30, dark hair and eyes, florid complexion, smooth face, height 5 ft. 9 in. Reward for any news of his whereabouts.

THOMPSON, JAMES H., Age 30, height 5 ft. 6 in., fair complexion, blue eyes. Left Portage in Prairie 14 years ago to work on Crow's Neck Pass. Mother anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

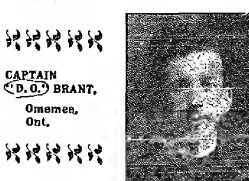
GOSSE, JAMES, Home in "Pile Nihil. Last heard of months ago from New York, on route to St. John N. B. Sail on board schooner Cleo. Address Enquiry, Toronto.



HUDDLESTONE EDWARD (all Brown), Age 61, height 5 ft. 7 1/2 in. gray or white hair, dark eyes, all complexion. May be Life Assurance Agent. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

BAGLEY, MAGGIE, Age 23, height 5 ft. 6 in. Last heard of in Hamilton two years ago. Then a Salvationist. Father enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HORN, ARTHUR, Age 30 years, fair complexion, height 6 ft. 1 in. heard from ten years ago, then working on the river boat at Spring Bay, London, Ont. Suddenly disappeared. Supposed to have gone to the islands. Mother anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.



The Siege of Ladysmith.

A special correspondent of the Times lately sent home some interesting statistical information respecting the siege. When the siege commenced, on November 2nd, the effective strength of the garrison was 572 officers and 12,092 men. There were 20 officers and 22 men sick and wounded. The horses numbered 7,500, the mules 4,500, the oxen 1,700, the attendants 2,412. There were 55 guns and 18 machine-guns. During the siege 18 officers were killed and 139 men, 70 officers and 533 men were wounded, and 10 men were missing. Of 41 wounded 8 officers and 51 men died, and 12 officers, 529 men, and 2 followers died of disease. It is instructive to note that the only losses due to casual bombardment were one officer and 23 men killed, 25 officers and 20 men wounded—of them 2 officers and 14 men died—and three men missing. The total admissions to hospital during the siege were 10,688. Disease, chiefly enteric and dysentery, commenced to assume serious proportions towards the end of December, and attained its greatest height at the end of January. The death rate increased from the end of December, and from the second week of January averaged over eight deaths per diem. The effective strength at the termination of the siege—March 1st—was returned as 403 officers and 9,761 men, but a significant note is added, "These are the only troops that do even an unaided march." There were at that time 151 officers and 2,624 men in hospital. The horses were diminished to 2,907, the mules to 3,713, and the oxen to 252.

Hustlers' Rendezvous.

Tremendous Developments!—Down Goes Arab and Up Comes Nigger!—Let Mag Alone—The Eastern Star has Set—The Southall-Hargrave Trust—A Splendid Boomer—A Trade Trick

NOTES BY ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION	
Central Ontario Province	87
East Ontario Province	86
West Ontario Province	85

—, oh my, what a surprise!

Won't it take Major McMillan's breath away when he sees where he is now?

As for poor Arab, the blow will near kill him! To be last after being so often first is humiliating.

"Poor" Nigger is all decked in ribbons and flags. He is celebrating. Don't speak to him if you should happen to meet him. He can't find language suitable for a meek reply.

And don't be deceived about Mag. It were idle to tell my readers that she feels like as if she's walking on air. These are great days for her. To be just one mark below the tip-top is elating, and we must all stand back and allow her to prance around a bit and work off her jubilant feelings. Three cheers for Mag!

And here was I last week asking that Nigger and Mag be swapped! Shame on me! How shall I ever look them in the face?

Of course Arab feels the rebuke. His highly-strung temperament will be much hurt at the defeat, but will he wilt? Not he! Just watch him charge again. See his proud neck and flowing mane (yes, please "Remember the Maine!") and don't be surprised if the defeat of to-day is changed into victory to-morrow!

THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.	
Eastern Prov. 102	North-West. 50
	Pacific 45
	Hawland'd 19
Totals .. 102	114

The Eastern Star has set!

Well, can't he always on the shine, says the Major who owns the Star.

The North-West gets back to its half-century gait, and the Pacific does very well. I knew that it would come.

Now, will these two Provinces please keep up the music? The Southall-Hargrave combination can give Major Pickering a few yards if it likes, and then come in first.

Newfoundland is getting back into its usual shape. It is far better he last week's 5. It's that St. John's I that was to blame. Don't do it again, Adjutant Dowell, or you may expect a duel. The Adjutant says: "Pro. Harris has only been saved two weeks. He was one of the worst drunkards in the city. He now takes 30 Grys, and sells in hotels."

Well done, Bro. Harris. You'll be selling 100 a-week soon, eh?

The Skagway folks are not down this week. That's to be regretted, for they save the honor of the Klondike expedition.

Don't forget, comrades that if you wish your Province to shine in the

booming line, it is better to let three sell 20 each than one sell 60. 'Cause why? Because you then get two extra names to your Province's credit. There's tricks in all trades but ours!

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

87 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton I.	120
Adj. Moore, St. Catharines	80
Sergt. Pearce, Temple	71
Adj. Wiggins, Barrie	71
Lieut. McLennan, Newmarket ..	70
Lieut. Leggett, Barrie	62
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton II.	60
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound	59
Capt. Brant, Oshawa	55
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	53
Capt. Hanna, Lindsay	52
Capt. McCann, Collingwood	50
Lieut. Pattenden, Collingwood ..	50
Capt. Barker, Meaford	50
Capt. Darrach, Meaford	50
Mrs. Bovey, Lisgar St.	50
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	50
Capt. White, Riverside	50
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside	50
Sister Bonek, Lippincott	50
Mrs. Lightheart, Hamilton I.	50
Capt. Clinch, Owen Sound	50
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	48
Lieut. Pattenden, Sudbury	45
Capt. Rennie, Sudbury	43
Bro. Dixon, Temple	43
Capt. Lord, Gravenhurst	43
Sergt. Glick, Yorkville	43
Sergt. Turk, Lisgar St.	43
Capt. Cornish, Dovercourt	42
Capt. Matthews, Lisgar St.	40
Capt. Connors, Dundas	40
Lieut. Pascoe, Dundas	40
Mother Curry, Hamilton II.	40
Lieut. Stickle, Parry Sound	37
Capt. Haskinson, Parry Sound ..	37
Mrs. Moore, Lindsay	37
Lieut. Carwardine, Bowmanville ..	35
Capt. Gilbert, Little Current	35
Lieut. Christopher, Little Current ..	35
Capt. Bowers, Huntsville	35
Lieut. Stickle, Huntsville	35
Capt. Charlton, North Bay	35
Capt. Dales, Midland	35
Lieut. Phillips, Midland	35
Cadet Greenwood, Temple	34
Cadet Porter, Lisgar St.	34
Cadet Bushey, Lisgar St.	32
Florie Potter, Hamilton I.	32
Cand. J. Smith, Midland	30
Bro. Evelyn, Oshawa	30
Capt. Wadde, Peterborough	30
Capt. Howcroft, Fenelon Falls ..	30
Lieut. Howcroft, Fenelon Falls ..	30
Capt. Poole, Chesley	30
Capt. Capper, Kinnmount	30
S. M. Stundon, Bracebridge	30
Capt. Wilson, Lippincott	30
Capt. Kivell, Lippincott	30
Sister Matheson, Lippincott St.	30
M. Dauberville, Hamilton I.	30
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines ..	27
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	27
S. M. Bowers, Lisgar St.	27
Capt. Stephens, Aurora	27
Lieut. McLennan, Aurora	27
Mrs. Ruffin, Lisgar St.	25
Sergt. Mrs. Moore, Yorkville	25
Lieut. Galvert, Yorkville	25
Lieut. Baynolds, Bowmanville ..	25
Bro. Moore, Lippincott St.	25
Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside	24
Sergt. Kane, St. Catharines	23
P. S. M. Courtmanche, Norland ..	22
Cand. Kennedy, Yorkville	20
Mrs. Johnston, Uxbridge	20
Rose Trusty, Newmarket	20
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	20
Lieut. Marshall, Richmond St.	20
Lieut. Price, Owen Sound	20
Mrs. Spence, Dovercourt	20
Sister Gee, Hamilton II.	20
Capt. Fisher, North Bay	20
Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Temple	20
Capt. Brooks, Oshawa	20
Emily Robinson, Oshawa	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

84 Hustlers.	
Lieut. McEwan, Ottawa	157
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	150
Sergt-Major Dudley, Ottawa	122
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	115
Capt. McNaney, Sherbrooke (W. 2 wks)	110
Lieut. O'Neil, St. Albans	105
Lieut. Pittman, St. Albans	105
Mrs. Ensign Wynne, Pictou	100
Lieut. Ludlow, Barre	109
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal	75
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall	75
Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall	75
Capt. Jones, Burlington	75
Capt. Yake, Deseronto	73
Mrs. Capt. Stacey, Gananoque ..	72
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Belleville	72
Ensign Ottawa, Ottawa	65
Sergt. Moore, Montreal	65
Capt. Crogo, Cobourg	60
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	60
Capt. Grose, Prescott	60
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	60
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal I.	50
Capt. Stacey, Gananoque	50
Sergt. Hippiern, Montreal II.	50
Capt. Winford, Trenton	50
Lieut. Hoole, Port Hope	50
Capt. Burtel, Newport	50
Lieut. Hicks, Montreal I.	50
Capt. Woods, Pembroke	45
Lieut. Hicks, Pembroke	45
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	45
Capt. Carter, Belleville	45
Ensign Yerec, Brockville	45
Capt. Tilly, Brockville	45
Capt. Wilson, Ottawa	43
Capt. Tyms, Amstoria	42
Lieut. Langford, Araprior	41
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	40
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Kingston	40
Capt. Owen, Coblenke	40
Sister Mrs. Stone, Lakeside	40
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro ..	40
Mark Spenceley, Peterboro	37
Lieut. Lang, Napanee	35
Sergt. Newell, Barre	35
Capt. M. Veal, Barre	35
Sergt. Downey, Kingston	35
Sister Stevenson, Peterboro	35
Adj. Kendall, Kingston	35
Capt. Slater, Bloomfield	31
Capt. Stainforth, Napanee	30
Capt. Picher, Morrisburg	30
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed	30
Capt. Gammaide, Sunbury	30
Capt. Bloss, Quebec	30
Lieut. Carter, Morrisburg	29
Capt. Vones, Renfrew	28
Sister Robinson, Peterboro	28
Capt. Randall, Renfrew	27
Sergt. McKorkel, Ottawa	27
Willie Williams, Montreal I.	25
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	25
Lieut. Liddell, Campbellford	25
Stephen Stacey, Carleton Place ..	25
Lieut. Cook, Montreal II.	25
Sergt. Brown, Montreal I.	25
Sister Lewis, Montreal I.	25
Sergt. Logie, Montreal I.	25
Lieut. Newell, Burlington	25
Sergt. Harrison, Peterboro	25
Mrs. Jewell, Picton	25
Capt. Dawson, Montreal II.	23
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	23
Capt. Ash, Odessa	23
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV ..	21
Sergt. Merchant, St. Johnsbury ..	21
Mrs. Wright, Peterboro	20
Bro. True, Peterboro	20
Ensign Sims, Barre	20
Sergt. Raymond, Barre	20
Mildred Veal, Barre	20
Father Daquet, Trenton	20
Capt. Green, Perth	20
Mrs. Capt. Green, Perth	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

85 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Smith, London	227
Capt. Hellman, Chatham	225
S. M. Bateman, Stratford	218
Lieut. Maisey, Goderich	113
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	100
Capt. Sizer, Woodstock	100
Capt. Crawford, Stratford	100
Ensign Slote, Leamington	100
Capt. Freeman, Berlin	96
Ensign Green, Windsor	85
Capt. Eyle, Windsor	85
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Brantford ..	85
Lieut. Yeomans, Brantford	85
Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	84
Lieut. Ringler, Simcoe	84
Sister Foster, Petrolia	80
Capt. Williams, London	80
Lieut. Knuckle, Galt	80
Capt. Green, Windsor	80
Capt. Heater, St. Thomas	79
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	68
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	62
Lieut. Crank, Hamilton	61
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	60
Ensign Gamble, Wallaceburg	58
Hanna Burns, Dresden	56
Emily McDougall, Goderich	55

Ensign Wakefield, London	53
Capt. Jordinson, Forest	50
Lieut. Stickle, Sarnia	50
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	50
Capt. Wiseman, Listowel	50
Lieut. Kitchen, Tilsonburg	50
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Seaford	45
Lieut. Plant, Clinton	45
Capt. Hockia, Tilsonburg	45
Eva Simpson, Guelph	42
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Berlin	42
Sergt. Yeomans, Norwiel	42
F. Palmer, London	40
Mrs. Harris, London	40
Capt. Burrows, Bayfield	40
Capt. Campbell, Clinton	40
Capt. Gibson, Paris	40
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Essex	40
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg	38
Mrs. Downes, St. Thomas	38
Lieut. Carley, Norwiel	38
Capt. Jarvis, Petrolia	35
Capt. Coe, Hespeler	35
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville ..	35
Mother Cutting, Essex	35
Sergt. Schuster, Berlin	32
Stanley Gammage, Chatham	31
Lieut. Crawford, Hespeler	31
Lieut. Beach, Forest	30
Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Drayton	30
Capt. Haley, Ridgeway	30
Capt. Hancock, Ingersoll	30
Capt. McCutcheon, Guelph	29
Lia W. Fennacy, Rimbeld	28
Lieut. Winter, Palmerston	26
Sergt. Mrs. McJullin, Blenheim ..	21
Capt. Dowell, Seaford	21
Capt. Copeman, Theoford	21
Lieut. Thompson, Brockwell	20
Capt. White, Blenheim	20
Capt. Carr, Watford	21
Mrs. Mellroy, St. Thomas	21
Sister Anderson, Watford	22
Lieut. Harman, Ingersoll	22
P. S. M. Vining, Windsor	20
Haunsman Fleming, London	20
Mrs. Steele, Petrolia	20
Sister Watson, Petrolia	20
Mrs. Hawkins, St. Thomas	20
Ensign Scott, St. Thomas	20
Father Christner, Dresden	20
Chester Small, Dresden	20
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia	20
Lieut. Cook, Ridgeway	20
Lieut. Groombridge, Stratford	20
Marshall Beun, Wallaceburg	20
Capt. Burton, Palmerston	20
S. M. Jackson, Stratford	20

EAST vs. WEST.

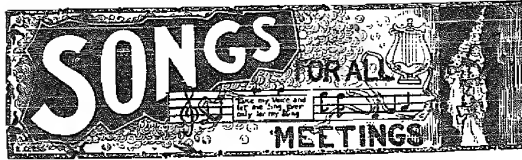
EASTERN PROVINCE.

102 Hustlers.	
Capt. E. Martin, Charlottetown ..	162
Sergt-Major McQueen, Moncton ..	150
Adj. Mrs. Fraser, Halifax II.	126
Capt. G. Thompson, Glace Bay	123
Capt. D. Piercey, Sydney	120
Mrs. Salsbery, Charlottetown	110
Lieut. McKie, Campbellton	110
Capt. C. Allen, Carleton	110
Sergt. E. White, Newcastle	110
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor	110
S. M. Veinot, Halifax II.	109
Nonah Piche, Hamilton	109
Cadet Raymond, St. John I.	109
Capt. Breckous, St. George's	109
Lieut. N. Smith, Digby	85
Sergt. Long, Yarmouth	85
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax I.	85
Capt. Ryan, Truro	85
Lieut. Wyatt, Chatham	80
Lieut. Dwyer, Yarmouth	80
Capt. Armstrong, Halifax I.	75
Mrs. Capt. Forcey, Sackville	70
Cadet Fraser, St. John I.	68
Ensign Wright, St. John II.	65
Capt. Goodwin, Somerset	60
Capt. Cowan, Southampton	60
Father Helt, St. John I.	60
See. Ellis, Charlottetown	60
Capt. Fleming, Hamilton	60
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	55
Capt. Kirk, St. John V.	55
Capt. Leadley, Windsor	55
Sister McDonald, St. John V.	55
Fannie Tucker, Somerset	50
Rondeau Kelly, St. George's	50
Dinah Virgil, Southampton	50
Ensign Jennings, Springhill	50
Capt. Clark, Amherst	50
Capt. Pemberton, Bridgetown	50
Sergt-Major Morrison, Glace Bay ..	50
Capt. McElbreen, Glace Bay	48
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown ..	47
Chas. Anderson, Somerset	44
A. Rennie, Bridgetown	44
Jessie Hensley, Bridgetown	40
D. Fancey, Pictou	41
Bro. Place, Hamilton	40
Sergt. Worth, Charlottetown	40
Mary Wade, Hamilton	40
J. W. Clark, Kentville	40
Lieut. Neill, Kentville	40
Capt. England, St. John	40
A. Brown, Clark's Harbor	40
Capt. Hudson, Pictou	39

May Lily, Halifax	
Mrs. Sautuea, Hamilton	
Cadet Purdy, St. John	
Capt. Bradbury, Sph	
Capt. Hunt, Bear River	
Cadet McKim, St. John	
Lieut. Hawbold, Syd	
Capt. McEachern, Cl	
Lieut. McWilliams, Cl	
Capt. Brown, North	
Lieut. Murrough, New	
Capt. Green, Sussex	
Capt. Lawes, St. John	
Ensign Knight, Calai	
Eugene Peckwood, St	
Ernest Astill, St. Geo	
Mrs. Gibbs, Charlott	
Sergt-Major Kent, Br	
Lizzie Newell, New G	
Lieut. Taylor, Fairvi	
Lieut. Murrough, Hi	
Capt. Wincheater, Hi	
Lieut. McLeod, Sussex	
Sergt. G. Rice, Glace	
Bro. R. LeDrew, Gl	
Mrs. Ming, Hamilton	
Cadet Hamm, St. Joh	
Lizzie Jones, St. Joh	
Sergt-Major Kent, Br	
Sergt. Mrs. England	
Mrs. Squires, Spring	
Ensign Penay, Ham	
Lieut. Lebas, Truro	
Peter Tiller, Kentvi	
Sadie Holden, Wind	
W. Burgess, Halifax	
Bliss Bailey, Monct	
Capt. Miller, Fairvi	
Sergt. Aldrich, New	
Lieut. Lebas, Stela	
Lieut. Webber, Anna	
Capt. Lamont, Anta	
Lieut. Richards, Sum	
Lieut. Trifton, Sum	
Capt. Welch, Woodst	
Lieut. McEllan, St. S	
Capt. O. Clark, Brid	
Ensign Parsons, Dart	

NORTH-WEST.

50 Hustlers.
Cadet Annie Cook, Wi
Capt. Lloyd, Winabi
Capt. J. Ferguson, Br
Lieut. Gamble, Medie
Lieut. McRae, Port C
Ensign A. Taylor, Co
Capt. Blodgett, Graa
Lieut. Leavelle, Edm
Lieut. M. Ferguson, A
Mrs. Goudings, Calga
Capt. Livingston, Cal
Father Harvey, Valle
Capt. Elliott, Dauphin
Capt. Cromarty, Selk
Sergt. Mrs. Rushbroo
Prairie
Capt. B. Fell, Carman
Capt. Wick, Edmonton
Ensign A. Hayes, For
Lieut. E. Quater, Re
Mrs. Capt. Gillen, Co
Cadet Meron, Rat Por
Capt. Bauseon, Jamest
Sergt. Dearden, Rat I
Capt. Mitchell, Lethbr
Capt. Myers, Fargo
Capt. McKay, Port A
Lieut. Hansen, Virden
Capt. Draper, Minot
Capt. Westcott, Port
Corps-Cadet Smith
Prairie ..
Capt. Meyers, Devil's ..
Lieut. Ristow, Morro ..
Lieut. Potter, Lethbr ..
Capt. R. Anderson, ..
Capt. Hammond, Laid ..
Lieut. Hardy, Rat Por ..
Sergt. M. Boud, Grater ..
Capt. Woodworth, Br ..
Lieut. Nuttall, Edm
Lieut. Russell, Selk
Capt. B. Anderson, ..
Lieut. D. Custer, Jan ..
Ensign Burton, Forga ..
Capt. Hasteda, Minn ..
Sergt. Taylor, Grand ..
Minnie Hovens, Monso ..
Capt. H. Hovens, Monso ..
Capt. Smith, Blomato ..
Sergt. Burrows, Morro ..
Sergt. Chapman, Whur ..
PACIFIC RIVER
45 Hustlers.
Sergt. Glain, Butte
Lieut. Johnson, Nelson ..
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, W ..
Capt. Noble, Spokane ..
Lieut. G. G. G.
Capt. LeDrew, Victori ..
Lieut. Morris, Billings ..
Capt. Kell, Vancouver ..
Capt. Gooding, Ross
Bro. Moody, Vancouver ..
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, L ..
Capt. Walrath, Ancon ..



Speak, Saviour, Speak.

Tune.—B.L. 170.

1 I bring Thee, dear Jesus, my all,
Nor hold back from Thee my part;
Obedient to Thy welcome call,
I yield Thee the whole of my heart;
Perverse, stubborn, once was my will,
My feet ran in self-chosen ways;
Thy pleasure henceforth to fulfil,
I'll spend all the rest of my days.

Chorus.

Oh, speak, while before Thee I pray:
The doubts that have darkened my soul,
—he shame and the fears that I hate,
Oh, banish, and bid me be whole,
A clean heart within me create!
Fragrant and pure in Thy sight!
A love that would anything do,
A life given up to the fight.

Lord, make me, I pray Thee, a saint,
As holy I'd be as I ought!
With Thee since there is no restraint,
Oh, give me this blessing blood-bought,
A soldier I'd be every inch,
E'er loyal and true to the core;
From battle-front ne'er would I flinch,
Henceforth given up to the war!

Come, Dear Saviour.

Tunes.—Dear Jesus is the One I love (B.L. 270); Holy (B.L. 237).

2 Come Saviour Jesus, from above,
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace,
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare a place.

Oh, let Thy glorious presence fill
And set my longing spirit free,
Which shall not have another will,
But day and night shall follow Thee!

Henceforth shall no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it, Thon Who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Wealth, honor, pleasure, and what more
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, I seek no more,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

The Cross Our Guide.

Tune.—We'll be heroes (B.L. 75).

3 We'll be heroes, we'll be heroes,
When the battle is fierce,
When the raging storm louder grows,
Will our courage increase, By the cross.

We shall conquer, we shall conquer,
Through the Blood of the Lamb,
And we ne'er will retreat, though we die,
Till the conquest we've won, By the Cross.

We are rising, we are rising,
And the foe shall be driven;
Like warriors brave we will sing,
We have victory and heaven, By the Cross.

Ready for the Call.

Tune.—When the trumpet sounds (B.L. 46).

4 When the shadows are quickly falling,
As I pass through the valley of death,
And the trumpet for me is calling,
I will shout with my latest breath—
By the Blood that did redeem me,
O Lord, Thon wilt receive me,
And before the Throne then flying,
I will answer, "Here am I."

Chorus.
When the trumpet sounds I'm ready for to go,
And I'll ride up in the chariot in the morning.

He to me gave His pardon freely,
From my name He has blotted my sin,
And in death's valley He'll be near me,
Of His mercy I then will sing,
Day by day His hand has blest me,
His love has never failed me,
And I, therefore, love Him truly,
And with joy will greet His call.

Welcome Home.

Tune.—Welcome home (B.B. 50, B.L. 32, S.M. 1, 252).

5 Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Chorus.

They'll sing their welcome home to me,
The angels will stand
On the heavenly strand,
And sing me a welcome home.

Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I asked them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribed their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

THE COMMISSIONER WITH THE Cycling Brigade OF RED CRUSADERS, WILL CONDUCT GIGANTIC TENT MEETINGS

AT THE FOLLOWING PLACES:

BELLEVILLE, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, June 30th, and July 1st and 2nd.

COLBORNE, Tuesday, July 3rd.

PORT HOPE, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 4th, 5th and 6th.

BOWMANVILLE, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, July 7th, 8th and 9th.

Colonel Jacobs and Brigadiers Friedrich and Pugmire

Will Assist the Commissioner, taking Prominent Part in all these Meetings.

Praise Ye the Lord.

Tune.—Saluts of God (B.L. 271).

6 Saints of God, lift up your voices,
Praise ye the Lord!
While the host of heaven rejoices,
Praise ye the Lord!
Praise Him as ye onward go
To the realms of endless glory,
Let His praise each heart overflow,
Praise ye the Lord!

For the work of our redemption,
Praise ye the Lord!
He has bought for us salvation,
Praise ye the Lord!
Jesus died for you and me,
Paid the debt on Calvary's mountain,
Every sinner may go free,
Praise ye the Lord!

Thousands have on Christ believed,
Praise ye the Lord!
And His pardoning love received,
Praise ye the Lord!
We have joined the happy throng,
God is with us, we're His soldiers,
Jesus shall be all our song,
Praise ye the Lord!

A Special Solo.

THE ARMY'S SALVATION ANTHEM.

Tune.—God save the Queen (B.L. 1, 10).

7 God bless our Army brave,
Long may our colors wave
O'er land and sea,
Clothe us with righteousness,
Our faithful soldiers bless,
And crown with great success,
Our Army brave.

The Blood-and-Fire bestow,
Be with us where we go,
To fight for Thee,
Still with our Army stay,
Drive sin and fear away;
Give victory day by day
To Israel's side.

God bless our General,
Our officers as well—
God bless us all!
Oh, give us power to fight,
To put all hell to flight,
That victory may delight
Our Army brave.



The Field Commissioner

MISS BOOTH,

ACCOMPANIED BY

The Territorial Staff Band

WILL VISIT

Grimstby Park,

AND DELIVER TWO ADDRESSES

ON

SUNDAY, JULY 15th

At 3 and 7.30 p.m.

The Staff Band will conduct a *Unison* on Saturday at 8 p.m., and a *Unison* on Sunday at 11 a.m.

LIEUT.-COL. MRS. REA

Accompanied by LIEUT. BELL

will visit

New Glasgow, Sat., Sun., and

July 14, 15, 16.

Truro, Tuesday, July 17.

Hull, Thurs., Fri., Sat., and

July 19 to 22. (Resque and

ary and Opening of New

Dartmouth, Wednesday, July 2

Windsor, Thurs. and Fri., July 2

Yarmouth, Sat., Sun., and Mon.

28, 29, 30.

Digby, Tuesday, July 31.

Moncton, Thursday, Aug. 2

St. John, Sat., Sun., Mon., Tue.

Wed., Aug. 4 to 8. (Rea

iversary.)

BRIGADIER and MRS. GARDNER

Lisgar St., Thursday, July 12

(Lehman Wedding.)

MAJOR and MRS. SWEET

Temple, Sunday, July 1.

DOMINION DAY AT LONDON

MAJOR McMILLAN

will conduct a

Local Officers' Convention; 8

at

London, on July 1st and 2nd.

Representatives from every one of the Province are expected. Each will be in charge of the Local District. The D. O's and Local Officers will take part in the meetings on Sunday. On Monday, business connection with the Senior and Junior Officers will be discussed in connection with the up at night with a demonstration in the City. Everybody pray for these meetings.

"Will Bring Myself!"

I remember once reading of a little girl whose father was a poor man. He had preached a simple sermon on the text, "And they brought Jesus." As they were going home, the little daughter walking beside him, "I like that sermon so much," she enquired the father, "whom are you going to bring to Jesus?" A joyful expression came over her face as she replied, "I think, father, I want to bring myself to Him." I want each little comrade who reads this to have you brought to Jesus? I pray you will do so at once, and may win others for the Kingdom, bless you!



10th Year, No.